

THE
MOURNING BRIDE,
A
TRAGEDY.

Written by MR. CONRAD E. L.

LONDON.

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Mourning Bride

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TRAGEDY

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TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED
AT THE
Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*,
BY
His Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. CONGREVE. *mn*

— *Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.*
Ovid. de Arte Am.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,
Printed for Jacob Tonson, at the Judge's-Head, near the
Inner-Temple-Gate, in Fleet-street. 1697.

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Gains actis iustitiae ante pectus
Nepos enim de rebus illis

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T O
Her Royal Highness,
T H E
PRINCESSES.

M A D A M,

TH A T high Station, which, by
Your Birth You hold above the
People, exacts from every one,
as a Duty, whatever Honours
they are capable of paying to Your Royal
Highness: But that more exalted Place, to
which, Your Vertues have rais'd You, a-
A bove

The Epistle Dedicatory.

bove the rest of Princes, makes the Tribute of our Admiration and Praise, rather a choice more immediately preventing that Duty.

The Publick Gratitude, is ever founded on a Publick Benefit ; and what is universally bless'd, is always an universal Blessing Thus from Your self, we derive the Offerings which we bring ; and that Incense which arises to Your Name, only returns to its Original, and but naturally requires the Parent of its Being.

From hence it is that this Poem constituted on a Moral, whose End is to recommend and to encourage Vertue, of consequence has recourse to Your Royal Highness's Patronage ; aspiring to cast it self beneath Your Feet, and declining Approbation, till You shall condescend to own it, and vouchsafe to shine upon it as on a Creature of Your Influence.

'Tis from the Example of Princes, that Vertue becomes a Fashion in the People, For even they who are averse to Instruction, will yet be fond of Imitation.

But

The Epistle Dedicatory.

But there are Multitudes, who never can have Means, nor Opportunities of so near an Access, as to partake of the Benefit of such Examples. And to these, Tragedy, which distinguishes it self from the Vulgar Poetry, by the Dignity of its Characters, may be of Use and Information. For they who are at that distance from Original Greatness, as to be depriv'd of the Happiness of Contemplating the Perfections and real Excellencies of Your Royal Highness's Person, in Your Court; may yet behold some small Sketches and Imagings of the Vertues of Your Mind, abstracted, and represented in the Theatre.

Thus Poets are instructed, and instruct; not alone by Precepts which persuade, but also by Examples which illustrate. Thus is Delight interwoven with Instruction; when not only Vertue is prescrib'd, but also represented.

But if we are delighted with the Liveliness of a feign'd Representation of Great and Good Persons and their Actions; how must

The Epistle Dedicatory.

we be charm'd with beholding the Persons themselves? If one or two excelling Qualities, barely touch'd in the single Action, and small Compass of a Play, can warm an Audience, with a Concern and Regard even for the seeming Success and Prosperity of the Actor: With what Zeal must the Hearts of all be fill'd, for the continued and encreasing Happiness of those, who are the true and living Instances of Elevated and Persisting Virtue? Even the Vicious themselves must have a secret Veneration for those peculiar Graces and Endowments, which are daily so eminently conspicuous in Your Royal Highness; and though repining, feel a Pleasure which in spite of Envy they per-force approve.

If in this Piece, humbly offer'd to Your Royal Highness, there shall appear the Resemblance of any one of those many Excellencies which You so promiscuously possess, to be drawn so as to merit Your least Approbation, it has the End and Accomplishment of its Design. And however imperfect

it

The Epistle Dedicatory.

it may be in the Whole, through the Inexperience or Incapacity of the Author, yet, if there is so much as to convince Your Royal Highness, that a Play may be with Industry so dispos'd (in spite of the licentious Practice of the Modern Theatre) as to become sometimes an innocent, and not unprofitable Entertainment; it will abundantly gratifie the Ambition and Recompence the Endeavours of,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Obedient, and

most humbly Devoted Servant.

William Congreve.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

THE Time has been when Plays were not so plenty,
And a less Number New, would well content ye.
New Plays did then like Almanacks appear ;
And One was thought sufficient for a Year :
Tho' they are more like Almanacks of late ;
For in One Year, I think they're out of Date.
Nor were they without Reason join'd together ;
For just as One prognosticates the Weather,
How plentiful the Crop, or scarce the Grain,
What Peals of Thunder, and what Show'rs of Rain ;
So t'other can foretel, by certain Rules,
What Crops of Coxcombs, or what Flouds of Fools.
In such like Prophecies were Poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own Tribe fulfill'd :
The Dearth of Wit they did so long presage,
Is fall'n on us, and almost starves, the Stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor Actors thresh such empty Sheafs of Straw ?
Toiling and lab'ring at their Lungs Expence,
To start a Jest, or force a little Sence.

PROLOGUE

Hard Fate for us ! still harder in th' Event ;
Our Authors Sin, but we alone repent,
Still they proceed, and, at our Charge, write worse ;
'Twere some Amends if they could reimburse :
But there's the Devil, tho' their Cause is lost,
There's no recov'ring Damages or Cost.

Good Wits, forgive this Liberty we take,
Since Custome gives the Losers leave to speak.
But if provok'd, your dreadful Wrath remains,
Take your Revenge upon the coming Scenes :
For that damn'd Poet's spar'd who dams a Brother,
As one Thief scapes, that executes another.
Thus far, alone does to the Wits relate ;
But from the rest, we hope a better Fate.
To please and move, has been our Poets Theme,
Art may direct, but Nature is his aim ;
And Nature mis'd, in vain he boasts his Art,
For only Nature can affect the Heart.
Then freely judge the Scenes that shall ensue,
But as with Freedom, judge with Candour too.
He wou'd not loose thro' Prejudice his Cause ;
Nor wou'd obtain percariously Applause.
Impartial Censure, he requests from all,
Prepar'd, by just Decrees to stand, or fall.

Personz

Personæ Dramatis.

M *Anuel, the King of Granada.* Mr. Verbruggen.
Gonsalez, his Favourite. Mr. Sanford.

Garcia, Son to Gonsalez. Mr. Scudamoor.

Perez, Captain of the Guards. Mr. Freeman.

Alonzo, an Officer, Creature to Gonsalez. Mr. Arnold.

Osmyn, a Noble Prisoner: Mr. Betterton.

Heli, a Prisoner, his Friend. Mr. Roman.

Selim, an Eunuch. Mr. Baily.

WOMEN

Almeria, the Princess of Granada. Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Zara, a Captive Queen. Mrs. Barry.

Leonora, chief Attendant on the Princess. Mrs. Roman.

Women, Eunuchs, and Mutes attending Zara.
Guards, &c.

The Scene GRANADA

THE Mourning Bride.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

*The Curtain rising slowly to soft Musick, discovers Almeria
in Mourning, Leonora waiting in Mourning.*

*After the Musick Almeria rises from her Chair, and
comes forward.*

Alm.

Musick has Charms to sooth a savage Brest,
To soften Rocks, or bend a knotted Oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And as with living Souls, have been inform'd,

By Magick Numbers, and persuasive Sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than Trees, or Flint? O Force of constant Woe!
'Tis not in Harmony to calm my Grievs.
Anselmo sleeps, and is at Peace; last Night,
The silent Tomb receiv'd the good old King;
He and his Sorrows now are safely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hospitable Bosom.
Why am not I at Peace?

[Weeps.

B

Leon.

The Mourning Bride.

Leon. For Heaven's sake, dear Madam, moderate
Your Griefs, there is no Cause ———

Alm. Peace——No Cause! yes, there is Eternal Cause,
And Misery Eternal will succeed.
Thou canst not tell——thou hast indeed no Cause.

Leo. Believe me, Madam, I lament *Anselmo*,
And always did compassionate his Fortune;
Have often wept, to see how cruelly
Your Father kept in Chains, his Fellow King;
And oft at Night, when all have been retir'd,
Have stoll'n from Bed, and to his Prison crept:
Where, while his Gaoles slept, I thro' the Grate
Have softly whisper'd, and enquir'd his Health;
Sent in my Sighs and Pray'rs for his Deliverance;
For Sighs and Pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou hast a soft and gentle Nature,
That thus couldst melt to see a Stranger's Wrongs:
O *Leonora*, hadst thou known *Anselmo*,
How would thy Heart have bled to see his Sufferings.
Thou hadst no cause, but general Compassion.

Leo. My Love of you, my Royal Mistress, gave me Cause,
My Love of you begot my Greif for him,
For I had heard, that when the Chance of War,
Had bless'd *Anselmo's* Arms with Victory,
And the rich Spoil of all the Field, and you
The Glory of the whole, were made the Prey
Of his Success; that then, in spite of Hate,
Revenge, and that Hereditary Feud
Entail'd between *Valentia's* and *Granada's* Kings;
He did endear himself to your Affection;
By all the worthy and indulgent ways,
His most industrious Goodness cou'd invent;
Proposing by a Match between *Alphonso*,
His Son, the brave *Valentia* Prince, and you,
To end the long Dissention, and unite
The Jarring Crowns.

Alm. O *Alphonso*, *Alphonso*! thou art too
At Peace; Father and Son are now no more——

Then

The Mourning Bride.

3

Then why am I? O when shall I have Rest?

Why do I live to say you are no more?

Why are all these things thus? ———

Is there necessity I must be miserable?

Is it of Moment to the Peace of Heav'n

That I should be afflicted thus? ——— if not,

Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are all things laid

By some unseen Hand, so, as of consequence

They must to me bring Curses, Grief of Heart,

The last Distress of Life, and sure Despair.

Leo. Alas you search too far, and think too deeply.

Alm. Why was I carried to *Anselmo's* Court?

Or, when there, why was I us'd so tenderly?

Why did he not use me like an Enemy?

For so my Father would have us'd his Child.

O Alphonso, Alphonso!

Devouring Seas have wash'd thee from my sight,

But there's no time shall raise thee from my Memory.

No, I will live to be thy Monument;

The cruel Ocean would deprive thee of a Tomb,

But in my Heart thou art inter'd, there, there,

Thy dear Resemblance is for ever fixt;

My Love, my Lord, my Husband still, though lost.

Leo. Husband! O Heav'ns!

Alm. What have I said?

My Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought.

I would have kept that secret; though I know

Thy Love and Faith to me, deserve all Confidence.

But 'tis the Wretches Comfort still to have

Some small reserve of near and inward Woe,

Some unsuspected hoard of darling Grief,

Which they unseen, may wail, and Weep, and mourn,

And Glutton-like alone devour.

Leo. Indeed I knew not this.

Alm. O no, thou know'st not half—thou know'st nothing—

——If thou didst! ——

If I should tell thee, wouldst thou pity me?

Tell me? I know thou wouldst, thou art compassionate.

The Mourning Bride

Leo. Witness these Tears —

Alm. I thank thee — indeed I do —

I thank thee, that thou'lt pity thy sad Mistress;
For 'tis the poor Prerogative of Greatness,
To be wretched and unpitied —
But I did promise I would tell thee — What?
My Grievs? Thou dost already know 'em:
And when I said thou didst know nothing,
It was because thou didst not know *Alphonso*:
For to have known my Loss, thou must have known
His Worth, his Truth, and Tendernefs of Love.

Leo. The Memory of that brave Prince stands fair
In all Report —

And I have heard imperfectly his Loss;
But fearful to renew your troubles past,
I never did presume to ask the Story.

Alm. If for my swelling Heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome Captive in *Valentia*,
Ev'n on the Day when *Manuel*, my Father,
Led on his conqu'ring Troops, high as the Gates
Of King *Anselmo's* Palace; which in Rage
And Heat of War, and dire Revenge, he fir'd.
Whilst the good King, to shun approaching Flames,
Started amidst his Foes, and made Captivity his Refuge;
Would I had perish'd in those flames —
But 'twas not so decreed.

Alphonso, who foresaw my Father's Cruelty,
Had born the Queen and me, on board a Ship
Ready to sail, and when this News was brought,
We put to Sea; but being betray'd by some
Who knew our Flight, we closely were pursu'd,
And almost taken; when a sudden Storm,
Drove us and those that follow'd, on the Coast
Of *Africk*: There our Vessel struck the Shore,
And bulging 'gainst a Rock, was dash'd in pieces.
But Heaven spared me for yet more Affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us, to shun
The Shoal, and save me floating on the Waves,

While

While the good Queen and my *Alphonso* perish'd.

Leo. Alas! were you then wedded to *Alphonso*?

Alm. That Day, that fatal Day, our Hands were joyn'd:
For when my Lord beheld the Ship pursuing,
And saw her Rate so far exceeding ours;
He came to me, and beg'd me by my love,
I would consent the Priest might make us one;
That whether Death, or Victory ensu'd,
I might be his, beyond the Power of future Fate:
The Queen too, did assist his Suit —— I granted,
And in one day, was wedded, and a Widow.

Leo. Indeed 'twas mournful——

Alm. 'Twas that,
For which, I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swell'n, and watry Eyes;
Or, ever taste content, or peace of Heart,
While I have Life, or Memory of my *Alphonso*.

Leo. Look down good Heav'n, with Pity on her Sorrows,
And grant, that time may bring her some Relief.

Alm. O no! Time gives Encrease to my Afflictions.
The circling Hours, that gather all the Woes,
Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving Year,
Come, heavy-laden with the oppressing Weight
To me; with me, successively, they leave
The Sighs, the Tears, the Groans, the restless Cares,
And all the Damps of Grief, that did retard their Flight;
They shake their downy Wings, and scatter all
The dire collected Dews, on my poor Head;
Then fly with Joy and Swiftneſs from me.

Leo. Heark!

The distant Shouts, proclaim your Fathers Triumph;

[*Shouts at a Distance.*]

O cease, for Heaven's Sake, assuage a little,
This Torrent of your Grief; for, much I fear
It will incense him, thus to see you drown'd
In Tears, when Joy appears in every other Face.

Alm.

The Mourning Bride.

Alm. And Joy he brings to every other Heart,
But double, double Weight of Woe to mine;
For with Him *Garcia* comes — *Garcia*, to whom
I must be sacrific'd, and all the Faith
And Vows I gave my dear *Alphonso*, basely
Violated —

No, It shall never be; for I will die first,
Die ten thousand Deaths — Look down, Look down [*Kneels.*
Alphonso, hear the Sacred Vow I make;
Leave for a Moment to behold Eternal Bliss,
And bend thy Glorious Eyes to Earth and me;
And thou *Anselmo*, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all Impedements, of purging Fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my *Alphonso* reigns,
Behold thou also, and attend my Vow.
If ever I do yield, or give consent,
By any Action, Word or Thought, to wed
Another Lord; may then just Heav'n show'r down
Unheard of Curses on me, greater far
(If such there be in angry Heav'n's Vengeance)
Than any I have yet endur'd — and now [*Rising.*
Methinks my Heart has some Relief: Having
Discharg'd this Debt, incumbent on my Love.
Yet, one Thing more, I would engage from thee.

Leo. My Heart, my Life and Will, are only yours.

Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this; anon, when all
Are busied in the General Joy, that thou
Wilt privately with me,
Steal forth, and visit good *Anselmo's* Tomb.

Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal Resolution.

Alm. No on my Life, my Faith, I mean no Violence.
I feel I'm more at large,
Since I have made this Vow:
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
'Tis that, or some such Melancholy Thought,
Upon my Word no more.

Leon. I will attend you.

The Mourning Bride.

7

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. The Lord *Gonzalez* comes to tell your Highness
Of the Kings approach.

Alm. Conduct him in.

Exit Alon.

That's his Pretence, I know his Errand is
To fill my Ears, with *Garcia's* valiant Deeds ;
And with his Artful Tongue, to glide and magnifie
His Sons Exploits.

But I am arm'd with Ice around my Heart,
Not to be warm'd with Words, nor idle Eloquence.

Enter Gonzalez.

[*Bowing very Humbly.*]

Gonf. Be every Day of your long Life like this.
The Sun, bright Conquest, and your brighter Eyes,
Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous Light,
And bless this day with most unequal Lustre.
Your Royal Father my Victorious Lord,
Loaden with Spoils, and ever-living Laurel,
Is entering now in Martial Pomp the Palace.
Five hundred Mules, precede his solemn March,
Which groan beneath the Weight of *Moorish* Wealth;
Chariots of War, adorn'd with glittering Gems,
Succeed ; and next, a hundred neighing Steeds,
White as the fleecy Rain on *Alpine* Hills,
That bound, and foam, and champ the Golden Bit,
As they disdain'd the Victory they grace.
Prisoners of War in shining Fetters, follow ;
And Captains of the Noblest Blood of *Affrick*,
Sweat by his Chariot Wheel, and lick and grind
With gnashing Teeth, the Dust his Triumphs raise.
The swarming Populace, spread every Wall,
And cling, as if with Claws they did enforce
Their Hold, thro' clifted Stones, stretching, and staring,
As they were all of Eyes, and every Limb
Would feed his Faculty of Admiration.

While

The Mourning Bride.

While you alone retire, and shun this Sight;
This Sight, which is indeed not seen (tho' twice
The Multitude should gaze)
In Absence of your Eyes.

Alm. My Lord, my Eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded Trophies of exterior Honours.
Nor will my Ears be charm'd with sounding Words,
Or pompous Phraze; the Pageantry of Souls.
But that my Father is return'd in Safety,
I bend to Heav'n with Thanks and humble Praise.

Gonsf. Excellent Princess!

But 'tis a Task unfit for my weak Age,
With dying Words, to offer at your Praise.

Garcia, my Son, your Beauties lowest Slave,
Has better done;

In proving with his Sword, upon your Foes
The Force and Influence of your matchless Charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the Worth of *Garcia's* Deeds,
Which had been brave, tho' I had ne'er been born.

Leon. Madam, the King.

[*Florisb.*

Alm. My Women. I would meet him.

[*Attendants to Almeria enter in Mourning.*

Symphony of Warlike Musick. Enter the King, attended by Garcia and several Officers. Files of Prisoners in Chains, and Guards, who are ranged in Order, round the Stage. Almeria meets the King and kneels: afterwards Gonsalez kneels and kisses the King's Hand, while Garcia does the same to the Princess.

King. *Almeria*, rise—My best *Gonsalez* rise.
What Tears! my good old Friend.—

Gonsf. But Tears of Joy. To see you thus, has fill'd
My Eyes with more Delight, than they can hold.

King. By Heav'n thou lov'st me, and I'm pleas'd thou do'st:
Take it for Thanks, Old Man, That I rejoice
To see thee weep on this Occasion—But some
Here are who seem to mourn at our Success!
How is it *Almeria*, that you meet our Eyes

Upon

The Mourning Bride.

69

Upon this solemn Day, in these sad Weeds?
You, and yours, are all, in opposition
To my Brightness, like Daughters of Affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I offend.
The Year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In Mourning, and strict Life, for my Deliverance—
From Death, and Wreck of the tempestuous Seas—
Wants yet to be expired.

King. Your Zeal to Heav'n is great; so is your Debt:
Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That Life, which Heav'n preserv'd. A Day bestow'd
In Filial Duty, had aton'd and giv'n
A Dispensation to your Vow—No more.

'Twas weak and wilful—and a Woman's Errour:
Yet—upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,
To see that Sable worn upon the Day
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest Foe,
Hated *Anselmo*, was interr'd—By Heav'n,
It looks as thou didst mourn for him: Just as
Thy senseless Vow appear'd to bear its Dare,
Not from that Hour, wherein thou wert preserv'd,
But that, wherein the curs'd *Alphonso* perish'd.
Ha! what? thou dost not weep to think of that?

Gons. Have patience, Royal Sir, the Princess weeps
To have offended you. If Fate decreed,
One pointed Hour should be *Alphonso's* Loss,
And her Deliverance; Is she to blame?

King. I tell thee she's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first Foe was laid in Earth, such Enmity,
Such Detestation, bears my Blood to his;
My Daughter should have revell'd at his Death.
She should have made these Pallace Walls to shake,
And all this high and ample Roof to ring
With her Rejoycings. What, to mourn, and weep;
Then, then, to weep, and pray, and grieve? By Heav'n,
There's not a Slave, a shackled Slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that Hour, through all his Care,
And shook his Chains in Transport, and rude Harmony.

C

Gons.

The Mourning Bride.

Gonf. What she has done, was in excess of Goodness;
Betray'd by too much Piety, to seem
As if she had offended.

King. To seem is to commit, at this Conjunction.
I wonnot have the seeming of a Sorrow seen
To day——Retire, divest your self with speed
Of that offensive black; on me be all
The Violation of your Vow.
You stand excus'd that I command it.

Gar. kneeling. Your Pardon, Sir, if I presume so far,
As to remind you of your gracious Promise.

King. Rise, *Garcia*——I forgot. Yet stay, *Almeria*.

Alm. O my boding Heart——What is your Pleasure, Sir?

King. Draw near, and give your hand; and, *Garcia*, yours:
Receive this Lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your Husband, and my Son.

Gar. Thus let me kneel to take——O not to take,
But to devote, and yield my self for ever
The Slave and Creature of my Royal Mistress.

Gonf. O let me prostrate, pay my worthless Thanks
For this high Honour.

King. No more; my Promise long since pass'd, thy Loyalty,
And *Garcia's* well-try'd Valour, all oblige me.
This Day we Triumph; but to Morrow's Sun
Shall shine on *Garcia's* Nuptials.

Alm. Oh!—— [Faints.]

Gar. Alas, she faints! help to support her.

Gonf. She recovers.

King. A Bridal Qualm; soon off. How is't, *Almeria*?

Alm. A sudden Chilness seizes on my Spirits.
Your Leave, Sir, to retire.

King. *Garcia*, Conduct her.

[*Garcia leads Almeria to the Door, and returns.*]

This idle Vow hangs on her Woman's Fears.
I'll have a Priest shall Preach her from her Faith,
And make it Sin, not to renounce that Vow,
Which I'd have broken.

[Trumpets.]

Enter

The Mourning Bride.

11

Enter Alonzo.

Offic. The Beauteous Captive, *Zara*, is arriv'd,
And with a Train, as if she still were Wife
To *Albucacim*; and the *Moor* had Conquer'd.

King. It is our Will she should be so attended.
Bear hence these Prisoners. *Garcia*, which is he,
Of whose mute Valour you relate such Wonders?

[Prisoners led off.]

Gar. Osmyn, who led the *Moorish* Horse; he does,
Great Sir, at her Request, attend on *Zara*.

King. He is your Prisoner, as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my Kindness;
And with a haughty Mien, and stern Civility
Dumbly declines all Offers: If he speak
'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least, to talk where he must not Command.

King. Such fullenness, and in a Man so brave,
Must have some other Cause than his Captivity.
Did *Zara*, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My Lord, she did.

King. That join'd with his Behaviour,
Begets a Doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd: perhaps
Her Chains hang heavier on him than his own.

Flourish; and Enter *Zara* and *Osmyn* bound; conducted by *Perez*
and a Guard, and attended by *Selim*, and several Mutes and
Eunuchs in a Train.

King. What Welcome, and what Honours, beauteous *Zara*,
A King and Conquerour can give, are yours.
A Conquerour indeed, where you are won;
Who with such Lustre, strike admiring Eyes,
That had our Pomp, been with your Presence grac'd,
Th' expecting Crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen
Their Monarch enter not Triumphant, but
In Triumph led; your Beauty's Slave. C 2 *Zara.*

Zara. If I on any Terms could condescend
To like Captivity, or think those Honours,
Which Conquerours in Courtesie bestow,
Of equal Value, with unborrow'd Rule,
And Native Right to Arbitrary Sway;
I might be pleas'd when I behold this Train
With usual Homage wait. But when I feel
These Bonds, I look with loathing on my self;
And scorn vile Slavery, tho' doubly hid
Beneath Mock-Praises, and dissembled State.

King. Those Bonds! 'twas my Command you should be free:
How durst you, *Perez*, disobey me?

Perez. Great Sir.

Your Order was, she should not wait your Triumph;
But at some distance follow, thus attended.

King. 'Tis false; 'twas more; I bad she should be free:
If not in Words, I bad it by my Eyes.

Her Eyes, did more than bid—free her and hers,
With speed—yet stay—my hands alone can make
Fit restitution here—Thus, I release you;
And by releasing you enslave my self.

Zara. Favours conferr'd, tho' when unsought, deserve
Acknowledgment from Noble Minds. Such Thanks
As one hating to be oblig'd—
Yet hating more, Ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.

King. Born to Excel, and to Command!

As by transcendent Beauty to attract
All Eyes, so by Preheminence of Soul
To Rule all Hearts.

Garcia, what's he, who with contracted Brow,

[Beholding *Osmyu* as they unbind him.

And sullen Port, glooms downward with his Eyes;
At once regardless of his Chains, or Liberty?

Gar. That, Sir, is *Osmyu*.

King. He answers well, the Character you gave him.
Whence comes it, Valiant *Osmyu*, that a Man
So great in Arms, as thou art said to be,

So ill can brook Captivity;

The common Chance of War?

O'm. Because Captivity has robb'd me of a just Revenge.

King. I understand not that.

O'm. I would not have you.

Zara. That Gallant Moor, in Battle lost a Friend
Whom more than Life he lov'd; and the Regret,
Of not revenging on his Foes, that Loss,
Has caus'd this Melancholy and Despair.

King. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected. [To *Gonf.*

Gonf. That Friend may be her self; show no Resentment
Of his Arrogance yet; she looks concern'd.

King. I'll have Enquiry made; his Friend may be
A Prisoner. His Name?

Zar. Heli.

King. Garcia, be it your Care to make that search.
It shall be mine to pay Devotion here;
At this Fair Shrine, to lay my Laurels down,
And raise Love's Altar on the Spoils of War.
Conquest and Triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I Victory in Camps adore:
For, ling'ring there, in long suspense she stands,
Shifting the Prize in unresolving Hands:
Unus'd to wait, I broke through her Delay,
Fix'd her by Force, and snatch'd the doubtful Day.
But late, I find, that War is but her Sport;
In Love the Goddess keeps her awful Court:
Fickle in Fields, unsteadily she flies,
But Rules with settled Sway in *Zara's* Eyes.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE. I.

Representing the Ile of a Temple.

Enter Garcia, Heli and Perez.

Gar. **T**His Way, we're told, *Osmyn* was seen to walk;
Choosing this lonely Mansion of the Dead,
To mourn, brave *Heli*, thy mistaken Fate.

Hel. Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Centre strike me,
If to arise in very deed from Death,
And to revisit with my long-clos'd Eyes
This living Light, could to my Soul, or Sense
Afford a Thought, or Glimpse of Joy,
In least Proportion to the vast Delight
I feel, to hear of *Osmyn's* Name; to hear
That *Osmyn* lives, and I again shall see him.

Gar. Unparalell'd Fidelity!
I've heard with Admiration, of your Friendship;
And could with equal Joy and Envy, view
The transports of your Meeting.

Perez. Yonder, my Lord, behold the Noble Moor.

Hel. Where? where?

Gar. I see him: not.

Per. I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my View,
And striding with distemper'd Haste: his Eyes
Seem'd Flame, and flash'd upon me with a Glance;
Then forward shot their Fires, which he pursu'd,
As to some Object brightful, yet not fear'd.

Gar. Let's haste to follow him, and know the Cause.

Hel. My Lord, let me entreat you to forbear:
Leave me alone, to find and cure the Cause.
I know his Melancholy, and such Starts
Are usual to his Temper. It might raise him

To

The Mourning Bride.

15

To act some Violence upon himself,
So to be caught in an unguarded Hour,
And when his Soul gives all her Passions Way,
Secure and loose in friendly Solitude.
I know his Noble Heart would burst with Shame
To be surpriz'd by Strangers in its Frailty.

Gar. Go, Gen'rous *Heli*, and relieve your Friend:
Far be it from me, officiously to pry
Or press upon the privacies of others.

Hel. Y'are truly Noble.

[*Exit.*

Gar. Perez, the King expects from our return,
To have his Jealousie confirm'd or clear'd
Of that appearing Love, which *Zara* bears
To *Osmyn*; but some other Opportunity
Must make that plain.

Per. To me 'twas long since plain,
And every Look of his and hers confess it.

Gar. If so, Unhappiness attends their Love,
And I cou'd pity 'em. I hear some coming,
The Friends perhaps are met; let us avoid 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Almeria, and Leonora.

Alm. It was a fancy'd Noise; for all is hush'd.

Leo. It bore the Accent of a Humane Voice.

Alm. It was thy Fear; or else some transient Wind
Whistling thro' Hollows of this vaulted Isle.
We'll listen——

Leo. Hark!

Alm. No, all his hush'd, and still as Death—'Tis dreadful!
How rev'rend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whose antient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
By its own weight, made stedfast, and immoveable,
Looking Tranquility. It strikes an Awe
And Terror on my aking Sight; the Tombs
And Monumental Caves of Death, look Cold,
And shoot a Chilness to my trembling Heart.

Give

The Mourning Bride.

Give me thy Hand, and speak to me, nay, speak,
And let me hear thy Voice;
My own affrights me with its Echo's.

Leon. Let us return; the Horror of this Place
And Silence, will encrease your Melancholy.

Alm. It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on: shew me *Anselmo's* Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls, and mouldring Earth
Of Humane Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of some pale Coarse
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia's* more detested Bed. That Thought,
Exerts my Spirits; and my present Fears
Are lost in dread of greater. *III.* Shew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: Lead me
Where I may kneel and pay my Vows again
To him, to Heav'n and my *Alphonso's* Soul.

Leo. I go; but Heav'n can tell with what Regret. [*Exeunt.*

*The Scene opening discovers a Place of Tombs: One Monument
fronting the View, greater than the rest.*

Enter Heli.

Heli. I wander thro' this Maze of Monuments,
Yet cannot find him—Hark! sure 'tis the Voice
Of one complaining—There it sounds—I'll follow it. [*Exit.*

Re-Enter, Almeria and Leonora.

Leon. Behold the Sacred Vault, within whose Womb
The poor Remains of good *Anselmo* rest;
Yet fresh and unconsum'd by Time, or Worms.
What do I see? O Heav'n! either my Eyes
Are false, or still the Marble Door remains
Unclos'd; the Iron Grates that lead to Death
Beneath, are still wide stretch'd upon their Hinge,
And staring on us with unfolded Leaves.

Alm.

The Mourning Bride.

17

Alm. Sure, 'tis the Friendly Yawn of Death for me;
And that dumb Mouth, significant in Show,
Invites me to the Bed, where I alone
Shall rest; shews me the Grave where Nature wearied,
And long oppres'd with Woës and bending Cares,
May lay the Burden down, and sink in Slumbers
Of Eternal Peace. Death, grim Death, will fold
Me, in his leaden Arms, and press me close
To his cold clayie Breast: my Father then,
Will cease his Tyranny; and *Garcia* too
Will fly my pale Deformity with loathing.
My Soul, enlarg'd from its vile Bonds, will mount,
And range the Starry Orbs, and Milky Ways,
Of that refulgent World, where I shall swim
In liquid Light, and float on Seas of Bliss
To my *Alphonso's* Soul. O Joy too great!
O Extacy of Thought! help me *Anselmo*:
Help me *Alphonso*, take me, reach thy Hand;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee *Alphonso*.
O *Alphonso*.

[*Osmyrn ascending from the Tomb.*

Osmyrn. Who calls that wretched thing, that was *Alphonso*?

Alm. Angels, and all the Host of Heaven support me!

Osmyrn. Whence, is that Voice whose Shrillness from the Grave,
And growing to his dead Father's Shrow'd, roots up
Alphonso?

Alm. Mercy and Providence! O speak to it,
Speak to it quickly, quickly, speak to me.
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy Bosom, from the Light,
And from my Eyes.

Osmyrn. Amazement and Illusion! rivet me
To Earth, and nail me, where I stand ye Powers; [*Coming forward.*
That motionless, I may be still deceiv'd.
Let me not stir, nor breath, lest I dissolve
That tender, lovely Form of painted Air
So like *Almeria*. Ha! it sinks, it falls,
I'll catch it 'ere it goes, and grasp her Shade.

D

'Tis

'Tis Life! 'tis warm! 'tis she! 'tis she her self!
Nor Dead, nor Shade, but breathing and alive!
It is *Almeria*! 'tis my Wife!

Enter Heli.

Leon. O Heaven unfold these Wonders!
Alas, she stirs not yet, nor lifts her Eyes;
He too is fainting—help me, help me, Stranger,
Who e're thou art, and lend thy Hand to raise
These Bodies.

Hel. By Heav'n 'tis he, and with — ha! *Almeria*!
Almeria! O Miracle of Happiness!
O Joy unhop'd for, does *Almeria* live!

Ofm. Where is she?
Let me behold and touch her, and be sure
'Tis she; shew me her Face, and let me feel
Her Lips with mine——'Tis she, I'm not deceiv'd;
I taste her Breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.
Look up *Almeria*, bless me with thy Eyes;
Look on thy Love, thy Lover, and thy Husband,
Look on *Alphonso*.

Alm. I've sworn I'll not wed *Garcia*; why d'ye force me?
Is this a Father?

Ofm. Thy Father is not here, nor *Garcia*: I am
Neither, nor what I seem, but thy *Alphonso*.
Wilt thou not know me? Hast thou then forgot me?
Hast thou thy Eyes, yet can'st not see *Alphonso*?
Am I so alter'd, or, art thou so chang'd,
That seeing my Disguise, thou seest not me?

Alm. It is, it is *Alphonso*, 'tis his Face,
His Voice, I know him now, I know him all.
O take me to thy Arms, and bear me hence,
Back to the bottom of the boundless Deep,
To Seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt.
O how hast thou return'd? How hast thou charm'd
The wildness of the Waves and Rocks to this?
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back

To

The Mourning Bride.

19

To Earth, to Light and Life, to Love and me.

Osm. O I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why,
We both have backward trod the paths of Fate,
To meet again in Life, to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any Circumstance,
Or Means by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy Lips,
And gaze upon thy Eyes, is so much Joy ;
I have not leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Let me look on thee, yet a little more.

Osm. What would'st thou? thou dost put me from thee.

Alm. Yes.

Osm. Why? what dost thou mean? why dost thou gaze so?

Alm. I know not, 'tis to see thy Face I think ——

It is too much! too much to bear and live!

To see him thus again, is such profusion
Of delight, I cannot bear it —I shall
Be mad——I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou Excellence, thou Joy, thou Heav'n of Love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
How is all this? All-powerful Heav'n, what are we!
O my strain'd Heart —let me behold thee,
For I weep to see thee ——Art thou not paler,
Much, much, alas; how, thou art chang'd!

Osm. Not in my Love.

Alm. No, no, thy Grievs have done this to thee.
Thou hast wept much *Alphonso*; and I fear,
Too much lamented me.

Osm. Wrong not my Love, to say too much.
No more, my Life; talk not of Tears or Grief;
Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my Arms,
My Arms which ake to fold thee fast, and grow
To thee with twining? Come, come to my Heart.

Alm. I will, for I should never look enough.
They wou'd have marry'd me; but I had sworn
To Heav'n and thee; and sooner wou'd have dy'd——

The Mourning Bride.

Ofm. Perfection of all Truth!

Alm. Indeed I wou'd ——— Nay, I wou'd tell thee all
If I cou'd speak ; how I have mourn'd and pray'd,
For I have pray'd to thee as to a Saint :
And thou hast heard my Prayer ; for thou art come
To my Distress, to my Despair, which Heav'n
Without thee could not cure.

Ofm. Grant me but Life, good Heaven, but length of Days,
To pay some Part, some little of this Debt ;
This countless Summ of Tendernefs and Love,
For which I stand engag'd to this All-excellence :
Then, bear me in a Whirl-wind to my Fate ;
Snatch me from Life, and cut me short unwarn'd :
Then, then 'twill be enough ——— I shall be Old.
I shall have liv'd beyond all *Æra's* then,
Of yet unmeasur'd Time ; when I have made
This exquisite, amazing Goodnefs,
Some Recompence of Love and matchless Truth.

Alm. 'Tis more than Recompence, to see thy Face :
If Heav'n is greater Joy, it is no Happiness,
For 'tis not to be born ——— What shall I say ?
I have a thousand Things to know, and ask,
And speak ——— That thou art here, beyond all Hope,
All Thought ; that all at once, thou art before me,
And with such Suddenness, hast hit my Sight ;
Is such Surprise, such Myftery, such Extacy,
As hurries all my Soul, and dozes my weak Sense.
Sure, from thy Father's Tomb, thou didst arise !

Ofm. I did, and thou didst call me.

Alm. How cam'st thou there ? wert thou alone ?

Ofm. I was, and lying on my Father's Lead ;
When broken Echoes of a distant Voice,
Disturb'd the Sacred Silence of the Vault,
In Murmurs round my Head. I rose and listened ;
And thought, I heard thy Spirit call *Alphonso*.
I thought I saw thee too ; but O, I thought not
I indeed shou'd see thee ———

Alm. But still, how camest thee hither ? how thus ? — Ha !
What's

The Mourning Bride.

21

What's he, that like thy self is started here
E're seen?

Ofm. Where? ha! what do I see? *Antonio* here!
My Friend too safe!

Hel. Most happily, in finding you thus bless'd.

Alm. More Miracles! *Antonio* too escap'd!

Ofm. And twice escap'd, both from the Wreck of Seas,
And Rage of War: For in the Fight, I saw
Him fall.

Hel. But fell unhurt, a Prisoner as your self;
And as your self made free, hither I came
To seek you, where, I knew your Grief would lead you,
To lament *Anselmo*——

Ofm. There are no Wonders, or else all is Wonder.

Hel. I saw you on the Ground, and rais'd you up.
I saw *Almeria*——

Ofm. I saw her too, and therefore saw not thee.

Alm. Nor I, nor could I, for my Eyes were yours.

Ofm. What means the Bounty of All-gracious Heav'n,
That thus with open Hand it scatters good,
As in a Waste of Mercy? -

Where will this end! but Heav'n is Infinite

In all, and can continue to bestow,

When scanty Number shall be spent in-telling.

Leo. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the Glimpse
Of two in shining Habits, cross the Ile,
And bending this way.

Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we must part so soon.

Ofm. I wish our parting were a Dream; or we
Could sleep 'till we again were met.

Hel. *Zara* with *Selim*, Sir, I saw and know 'em:
You must be quick, for Love will lend her Wings.

Alm. What Love? who is she?

Ofm. She's the Reverse of thee; she's my Unhappiness.
Harbour no Thought, that may disturb thy Peace;
But gently take thy self away, lest she
Should come and see the straining of my Eyes.

The Mourning Bride.

To follow thee. I'll think, how we may meet
 To part no more; my Friend will tell thee all;
 How I escap'd, how I am here, and thus;
 How I'm not call'd *Alphonso*, now, but *Osmyn*;
 And he *Heli*. All, all he will unfold.

Alm. Sure we shall meet again.

Osm. We shall; we part not but to meet again.
 Gladness, and Warmth of ever-kindling Love,
 Dwell with thee, and revive thy Heart in Absence.

[*Ex. Alm. Leon. and Heli.*

Yet I behold her—— Now no more.
 Turn your Lights inward, Eyes, and look
 Upon my Thought; so, shall you still behold her.
 It wonnot be; O, impotence of Sight!
 Mechanick Sense, which to exterior Objects,
 Owest thy Faculty——
 Not seeing of Election, but Necessity.
 Thus, do our Eyes, like common Mirrours
 Successively reflect succeeding Images;
 Not what they would, but must; a Star, or Toad:
 Just as the Hand of Chance administers.
 Not so the Mind, whose undetermin'd View
 Revolves, and to the present adds the past:
 Essaying further to Futurity;
 But that in vain. I have *Almeria* here.
 At once, as I have seen her often;
 I'll muse on that, lest I exceed in thinking.

Enter Zara attended by Selin.

Zara. See, where he stands, folded and fix'd to Earth,
 Stiff'ning in Thought; a Statue among Statues.
 Why, cruel *Osmyn*, dost thou fly me thus?
 Is it well done? Is this then the Return
 For Fame, for Honour, and for Empire lost?
 But what is loss of Honour, Fame and Empire?
 Is this the Recompence of Love?
 Why dost thou leave my Eyes, and fly my Arms,
 To find this place of Horrour and Obscurity?

Am I more loathsome to thee, than the Grave?
That thou dost seek to shield thee there, and shun
My Love. But to the Grave I'll follow thee——
He Looks not, minds not, hears not; barbarous Man
Am I neglected thus? Am I despised?
Not heard! Ungrateful *Osmyn*.

Osmyn. Ha, *Zara*!

Zara. Yes, Traytor, *Zara*; lost, abandon'd *Zara*,
Is a regardless Suppliant, now, to *Osmyn*.
The Slave, the Wretch that she redeem'd from Death,
Disdains to listen now, or look on *Zara*.

Osmyn. Far be the Guilt of such Reproaches, from me;
Lost in my self, and blinded by my Thoughts,
I saw you not.

Zara. Now, then you see me——
But with such dumb, and thankless Eyes you look;
Better I was unseen, than seen thus coldly.

Osmyn. What would you from a Wretch, that came to mourn;
And only for his Sorrows chose this Solitude?
Look round; Joy is not here, nor Cheerfulness.
You have pursu'd Misfortune, to its Dwelling;
Yet look for Gaiety and Gladness there.

Zara. Inhumane! why, why dost thou wrack me thus?
And with Perverseness, from the Purpose, answer?
What is't to me, this House of Misery?
What Joy do I require? if thou dost mourn,
I come to mourn with thee; to share thy Griefs,
And give thee in Exchange, my Love.

Osmyn. O that's the greatest grief——I am so poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zara. Thou hast a Heart, though 'tis a savage one;
Give it me as it is; I ask no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd,
For saving thee, when I beheld thee first,
Driven by the Tide upon my Country's Coast,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in Briny Waves
Thou and thy Friend; 'till my Compassion found thee,
Compassion, scarce will it own that Name, so soon,

The Mourning Bride.

So quickly was it Love; for thou wert Godlike
 Ev'n then. Kneeling on Earth, I loos'd my Hair,
 And with it dry'd thy wat'ry Cheeks; chafing
 Thy Temples, 'till reviving Blood arose,
 And like the Morn vermilion'd o'er thy Face.
 O Heav'n! how did my Heart rejoice and ake,
 When I beheld the Day-break of thy Eyes,
 And felt the Balm of thy respiring Lips!

Osm. O call not to my Mind what you have done,
 It sets a Debt of that Account before me,
 Which shews me Bankrupt even in Hopes.

Zara. The faithful *Selim*, and my Women know
 The Dangers which I tempted to conceal you.
 You know how I abus'd the credulous King;
 What Arts I us'd to make you pass on him,
 When he receiv'd you as the Prince of *Fez*;
 And as my Kinsman, honour'd and advanc'd you.
 O, why do I relate what I have done?
 What did I not? Was't not for you, this War
 Commenc'd? not knowing who you were, nor why
 You hated *Manuel*, I urg'd my Husband
 On to this Invasion; where he was lost,
 Where all is lost, and I am made a Slave.
 Look on me now, from Empire fall'n to Slavery;
 Think on my Suff'rings first, then, look on me;
 Think on the cause of all, then, view thy self:
 Reflect on *Osmyn*, and then look on *Zara*,
 The fall'n, the lost, the Captive *Zara*.
 What then is *Osmyn*?

Osm. A fatal Wretch—a huge stupendous Ruine,
 That tumbling on its Prop, crush'd all beneath,
 And bore contiguous Palaces to Earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest;
 If I have gain'd thy Love, 'tis glorious Ruine;
 Ruine, 'tis still to reign, and to be more
 A Queen; for what are Riches, Empire, Power,
 But larger Means to gratifie the Will?
 The Steps on which we tread, to rise and reach

The Mourning Bride.

25

Our Wish ; and that obtain'd, down with the Scaffolding
Of Sceptres, Crowns, and Thrones ; they've serv'd their End,
And are like Lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

Ofm. Why was I made the Instrument, to throw
In Bonds, the Frame of this exalted Mind ?

Zara. We may be free ; the Conquerour is mine ;
In Chains unseen, I hold him by the Heart,
And can unwind, or strain him as I please.
Give me thy Love, I'll give thee Liberty.

Ofm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free your self,
And leave a Slave the Wretch that would be so.

Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly, as thou talk'st.

Ofm. Alas, you know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art.

But what, this last Ingratitude declares,
This groveling Baseness — Thou say'st true, I know
Thee not, for what thou art, yet wants a Name :
But something so unworthy, and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee, makes me yet more lost
Than all the Malice of my other Fate.

Traytour, Monster, cold and perfidious Slave ;
A Slave, not daring to be free ! nor dares
To love above him, for 'tis dangerous :
'Tis that, I know ; for thou dost look, with Eyes
Sparkling Desire, and trembling to possess.

I know, my Charms have reach'd thy very Soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darted Fires ; but thou
Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish. The King !
There, there's the dreadful Sound, the King's thy Rival !

Selm. Madam, the King is here.

Zara. As I could wish ; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

Enter the King, Perez, and Attendants.

King. Why does the Fairest of her Kind, withdraw
Her shining from the Day, to gild this Scene
Of Death and Night ? Ha ! what Disorder's this ?

E

Some-

The Mourning Bride.

Somewhat I heard of King and Rival mention'd.
 What's he that dares be Rival to the King?
 Or lift his Eyes to like, where I adore?

Zara. There, he; your Prisoner, and that was my Slave.

King. How? better than my Hopes? does she accuse him?

[*Aside.*

Zara. Am I become so low, by my Captivity;
 And do your Arms so lessen, what they conquer,
 That *Zara* must be made the Sport of Slaves?
 And shall the Wretch, whom yester Sun, beheld
 Waiting my Nod, the Creature of my Lord,
 And me; presume to day to plead audacious Love,
 And build bold Hopes, on my dejected Fate?

King. Better for him, to tempt the Rage of Heav'n,
 And wrench the Bolt red-hissing, from the Hand
 Of him that thunders, than but think that Insolence.
 'Tis daring for a God. Hence, to the Wheel
 With that *Ixion*, who aspires to hold
 Divinity embrac'd; to Whips and Prisons,
 Drag him with speed, and rid me of his Face!

[*Guards carry off Osmyn.*

Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his State,
 Whose former Faith had merited much more;
 And through my Hopes in you, I promis'd Freedom
 From his Chains; thence sprung his Insolence,
 And what was Charity, he convert'd to Love.

King. Enough; his Punishment be what you please.
 But let me lead you from this Place of Sorrow,
 To one, where young Delights attend, and Joys
 Yet new, unborn and blooming in the Bud,
 That wait to be full-blown at your Approach,
 And spread like Roses to the Morning Sun
 Where, ev'ry Hour shall roll in circling Joys;
 And Love, shall wing the tedious waiting Day.
 Life without Love is Load; and Time stands still:
 What we refuse to him, to Death we give;
 And then, then only, when we love, we live.

[*Exit Osmyn.*

The End of the Second Act.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Prison.

Enter Osmyn alone, with a Paper.

Osm. **B**UT now, and I was clos'd within the Tomb
That holds my Father's Ashes; and but now,
Where he was Pris'ner, I am too imprison'd.
Sure 'tis the Hand of Heav'n, that leads me thus,
And for some Purpose points out these Remembrances.
In a dark Corner of my Cell, I found
This Paper; what it is, this Light will show.

Reading. *If my Alphonso — Ha!
If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heav'n,
Give me more Weight, crush my declining Tears
With Bolts, with Chains, Imprisonment and Want;
But bless my Son, visit not him for me.*

It is his Hand; this was his Pray'r — yet more.

Reading. *Let ev'ry Hair, which Sorrow by the Roots,
Tears from my hoary and devoted Head;
Be doubled in thy Mercies to my Son:
Not for my self, but him, hear me, all gracious*

'Tis wanting what should follow — Heav'n, shou'd follow.
But 'tis torn off — why should that Word alone
Be torn from his Petition? 'Twas to Heav'n.
But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but thus,
Thus as the Name of Heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the Ears of Mercy, from

His Voice ; shutting the Gates of Pray'r against him.
 If Piety be thus debarr'd Access
 On high ; and of good Men, the very best
 Is singled out to bleed, and bear the Scourge ;
 What is Reward ? or, what is Punishment ?
 But who shall dare to tax Eternal Justice !
 Yet I may think—— I may ? I must ; for Thought
 Precedes the Will to think ; and Errour lives
 Ere Reason can be born : Reason, the Power
 To guess at Right and Wrong ; the twinkling Lamp
 Of wand'ring Life, that winks and wakes by turns,
 Fooling the Follower, betwixt Shade and Shining.
 What Noise ! Who's there ? My Friend, how cam'st thou hither ?

Enter Heli.

Heli. The time's too precious to be spent in telling ;
 The Captain influenc'd by *Almeria's* Power,
 Gave order to the Guards for my Admittance.

Ofm. How does *Almeria* ? But I know ; she is
 As I am. Tell me, may I hope to see her ?

Heli. You may ; anon, at Midnight, when the King
 Is gone to rest, and *Garcia* is retir'd,
 (Who takes the Priviledge to visit late,
 Presuming on a Bridegroom's Right) she'll come.

Ofm. She'll come ; 'tis what I wish, yet what I fear.
 She'll come, but whither, and to whom ? O Heav'n !
 To a vile Prison, and a captiv'd VVretch ;
 To one, whom had she never known, she had
 Been happy ; why, why was that Heav'nly Creature
 Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forsakes ?
 VVhy does she follow with unwearied Steps,
 One, who has tir'd Misfortune with pursuing ?
 One, driv'n about the VVorld like blasted Leaves
 And Chaff, the Sport of adverse VVinds ; till late
 At length, imprison'd in some Cleft of Rock
 Or Earth, it rests, and rots to silent Dust.

Heli.

The Mourning Bride.

29

Hel. Have Hopes, and hear the Voice of better Fate:
I've learn'd there are Disorders ripe for Mutiny.
Among the Troops who thought to share the Plunder,
Which *Manuel* to his own Use and Avarice,
Converts. This News has reach'd *Valentia's* Frontiers;
Where many of your Subjects long oppress'd
With Tyranny and grievous Impositions,
Are risen in Arms, and call for Chiefs to head
And lead 'em, to regain their Liberty
And Native Rights.

Ofm. By Heav'n thou'lt rous'd me from my Lethargy.
The Spirit which was deaf to my own Wrongs,
Deaf to revenge, and the loud Cry of my
Dead Father's Blood; Nay, which refus'd to hear
The Piercing Sighs, and Murmurs of my Love
Yet unenjoy'd; what not *Almeria* could
Revive, or raise, my Peoples Voice has wak'ned.
O my *Antonio*, I am all on Fire,
My Soul is up in Arms, ready to charge
And bear amidst the Foe, with conqu'ring Troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to Liberty,
To Victory; their Shouts and Clamours rend
My Ears, and reach the Heav'ns; where is the King?
Where is *Alphonso*? ha! where? where indeed?
O I could tear and burst the Strings of Life,
To break these Chains. Off, off, ye Stains of Royalty:
Off Slavery. O curse! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my Cage, when I
Would soar, and stoop at Victory beneath.

Hel. Our Posture of Affairs and scanty Time,
My Lord, require you should compose your self,
And think on what we may reduce to Practice.
Zara the Cause of your restraint, may be
The Means of Liberty restor'd. That, gain'd;
Occasion will not fail to point out Ways
For your Escape. Mean time, I've thought already
VVith Speed and Safety, to convey my self
VVhere not far off some Male-Contents hold Counsel

Nightly:

Nightly; bating this Tyrant; some, who love
Anselmo's Memory, and will, no doubt,
 When they shall know you live, assist your Cause.

Ofm. My Friend and Counsellour; as thou think'st fit,
 So do. I will with Patience wait my Fortune.

Heli. When *Zara* comes, abate of your Aversion.

Ofm. I hate her not, nor can dissemble Love;
 But as I may, I'll do. I have a Paper
 Which I would shew thee Friend, but that the Sight
 Would hold thee here, and clog thy Expedition.
 Within I found it, by my Father's Hand
 'Twas writ; a Prayer for me, wherein appears
 Paternal Love prevailing o're his Sorrows;
 Such Sanctity, such Tendernefs, so mix'd
 With Grief, as wou'd draw Tears from Inhumanity.

Heli. The Care of Providence, sure left it there,
 To arm your Mind with Hope. Such Piety
 Was never heard in vain: Heav'n has in Store
 For you, those Blessings it with-held from him.
 In that Assurance live; which Time, I hope,
 And our next meeting will confirm.

Ofm. Farewell,
 My Friend, the Good thou dost deserve attend thee. *Ex. Heli.*
 I've been to blame, and question'd with Impiety
 The Care of Heav'n. Not so, my Father bore
 More Anxious Grief. This shou'd have better taught me;
 This Lesson, in some Hour of Inspiration,
 By him set down; when his pure Thoughts, were born
 Like Fumes of Sacred Incense, o'er the Clouds,
 And wafted thence, on Angels Wings, thro' Ways
 Of Light, to the bright Source of all. There, in
 The Book of Prescience, he beheld this Day;
 And waking to the World and mortal Sense,
 Left this Example of his Resignation,
 This his last Legacy to me, which I
 Will treasure here; more worth than Diadems,
 Or all extended Rule of regal Pow'r.

Enter

The Mourning Bride.

31

Enter Zara veil'd.

What Brightness, breaks upon me, thus thro' Shades,
And promises a Day to this dark Dwelling !
Is it my Love ? —

Zara. O that thy Heart, had taught *[Lifting her Veil.*
Thy Tongue that Saying.

Os. *Zara!* I'm betray'd
By my Surprise.

Zara. What, does my Face displease thee ?
That having seen it, thou do'st turn thy Eyes
Away, as from Deformity and Horrour.
If so, this Sable Curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee seeing,
And unseen. Is it my Love ? ask again
That Question, speak again in that soft Voice
And Look again, with Wishes in thy Eyes.
O no, thou canst not, for thou seest me now,
As she, whose savage Breast has been the Cause
Of these thy Wrongs ; as she, whose barbarous Rage
Has loaden thee with Chains and galling Irons :
Well, dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my Falseness ;
Cou'd one that lov'd, thus torture what she lov'd ?
No, no, it must be Hatred, dire Revenge,
And Detestation, that cou'd use thee thus.
So thou dost think ; then, do but tell me so ?
Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge
Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
This Heart of Flint, 'till it shall bleed ; and thou
Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own Miseries.

Os. You wrong me, beauteous *Zara*, to believe
I bear my Fortunes with so low a Mind,
As still to meditate Revenge on all
Whom Chance, or Fate working by secret Causes,
Has made perforce subservient to that End
The Heav'nly Powers allot me ; no, not you,
But Destiny and inauspicious Stars

Have

Have cast me down to this low Being : Or,
Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zara. Can'st thou forgive me then ! wilt thou believe
So kindly of my Fault, to call it Madness ;
O, give that Madness yet a milder Name,
And call it Passion ; then, be still more kind,
And call that Passion Love.

Ofm. Give it a Name,
Or Being as you please, such I will think it.

Zara. O thou dost wound me more, with this thy Goodness,
Than e'er thou could'st with bitterest Reproaches ;
Thy Anger cou'd not pierce thus, to my Heart.

Ofm. Yet I could wish —

Zara. Haste me to know it, what ?

Ofm. That at this Time, I had not been this Thing.

Zara. What Thing ?

Ofm. This Slave.

Zara. O Heav'n ! my Fears interpret
This thy Silence ; somewhat of high Concern,
Long fashioning within thy labouring Mind,
And now just ripe for Birth, my Rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this ? tell me, am I so curs'd ?

Ofm. Time may have still one fated Hour to come,
Which wing'd with Liberty, might overtake
Occasion past.

Zara. Swift as Occasion, I
My self will fly ; and earlier than the Morn,
Wake thee to Freedom. Now, 'tis late ; and yet
Some News, few Minutes past arriv'd, which seem'd
To shake the Temper of the King — who knows
What racking Cares disease a Monarch's Bed ?
Or Love, that late at Night still lights his Lamp,
And strikes his Rays thro' dusk, and folded Lids,
Forbidding rest ; may stretch his Eyes awake
And force their Balls abroad, at this dead Hour.
I'll try.

Ofm. I have not merited this Grace ;
Nor, should my secret Purpose take Effect,

Can I repay, as you require, such Benefits.

Zar. Thou canst not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already lost. But as
The present Form of our Engagements rests,
Thou hast the Wrong, till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy Justice to return
My Love. Adieu.

[Exit Zara.]

Ofm. This Woman has a Soul,
Of God-like Mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges in spight of me, my best
Esteem; to this she's fair, few more can boast
Of Personal Charms, or with less Vanity
Might hope to captivate the Hearts of Kings.
But she has Passions which out-strip the Wind,
And tear her Virtues up, as Tempests root
The Sea. I fear when she shall know the truth,
Some swift and dire Event, of her blind Rage,
Will make all fatal. But behold, she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my Fears.

Enter Almeria.

The Cause and Comfort of my boding Heart.
My Life, my Health, my Liberty, my All.
How shall I welcom thee to this sad Place?
How speak to thee the VVords of Joy and Transport?
How run into thy Arms with-held by Fetters,
Or take thee into mine, thus manacled
And pinion'd like a Thief or Murderer?
Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender Body,
And stain thy Bosom with the Rust of these
Rude Irons? Must I meet thee thus, *Almeria*?

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we might meet
To part no more — Now we will part no more,
For these thy Chains, or Death shall join us ever.

Ofm. Hard means, to ratifie that VVord! — O Cruelty!
That ever I should think, beholding thee,

F

A Tor-

A Torture — yet, such is the bleeding Anguish
Of my Heart, to see thy Sufferings — O Heav'n!
That I cou'd almost turn my Eyes away,
Or wish thee from my Sight.

Alm. O say not so;

Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me. Do not say
On any Terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
Feed on each others Heart, devour our Woes
With mutual Appetite; and mingling in
One Cup, the common Stream of both our Eyes,
Drink bitter Draughts, with never-slacking Thirst.
Thus, better, than for any Cause to part.
What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly
Upon me — speak, and take me in thy Arms —
Thou canst not! thy poor Arms are bound and strive
In vain with the remorseless Chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy Flesh, festring thy Limbs
With rancling Rust.

Osm. Oh! O —

Alm. Give me that Sigh.

Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy Griefs?
Thy Heart will burst, thy Eyes look red and start;
Give thy Soul Way, and tell me thy dark Thought.

Osm. For this World's Rule, I wou'd not wound thy Breast,
With such a Dagger, as then stuck my Heart.

Alm. Why? why? to know it, cannot wound me more,
Then knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me.

— Thou giv'st me Pain, with too much Tenderness!

Osm. And thy excessive Love distracts my Sense!
O could'st thou be less killing, soft or kind,
Grief wou'd not double thus, his Darts against me.

Alm. Thou dost me Wrong, and Grief too robs my Heart;
If there, he shoot not ev'ry other Shaft;
Thy second self should feel each other Wound,
And Woe shou'd be in equal Portions dealt.
I am thy Wife —

Osm.

Osm. O thou hast search'd too deep.
There, there, I bleed ; there pull the cruel Cords,
That strain my cracking Nerves ; Engines and VVheels
That Piece-meal grind, are Beds of Down and Balm
To that Soul-racking Thought.

Alm. Then, I am curs'd
Indeed ; if that be so, if I'm thy Torment,
Kill me, kill me then, dash me with thy Chains ;
Tread on me, spurn me, am I the bosom Snake
That sucks thy warm Life-Blood, and gnaws thy Heart ?
O that thy VVords had force to break those Bonds,
As they have strength to tear this Heart in sunder ;
So should'st thou be at large from all Oppression.
Am I, am I of all thy Woes the worst ?

Osm. My all of Bliss, my everlasting Life,
Soul of my Soul, and End of all my VVishes.
VVhy dost thou thus unman me with thy VVords,
And melt me down to mingle with thy VVeepings ?
VVhat dost thou ask ? why dost thou talk thus piercingly ?
Thy Sorrows have disturb'd thy Peace of Mind,
And thou dost speak of Miseries impossible.

Alm. Did'st thou not say, that Racks and VVheels were Balm,
And Beds of Ease, to thinking me thy VVife ?

Osm. No, no, nor should the subtlest Pains that Hell,
Or Hell-born Malice can invent ; extort
A VVish or Thought from me, to have thee other.
But thou wilt know, what harrows up my Heart.
Thou art my VVife— nay, thou art yet my Bride !
The Sacred Union of Connubial Love,
Yet unaccomplish'd ; his mysterious Rites
Delay'd : nor has our Hymenial Torch
Yet lighted up, his last most grateful Sacrifice ;
But dash'd with Rain from Eyes, and swail'd with Sighs,
Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring Light.
Is this dark Cell, a Temple for that God ?
Or this vile Earth, an Altar for such Off'rings ?
This Den for Slaves, this Dungeon damp'd with VVoes ;
Is this our Marriage Bed ! are these our Joys !

Is this to call thee mine? O hold my Heart;
 To call thee mine? yes thus, ev'n thus, to call
 Thee mine, were Comfort, Joy, extremest Extacy.
 But O thou art not mine, not ev'n in misery;
 And 'tis deny'd to me, to be so blest'd,
 As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No; not that,
 The extremest Malice of our Fate can hinder:
 That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
 As on the Leavings of Calamity.
 There, we will feast; and smile on past Distress,
 And hug in scorn of it, our mutual Ruine.

Osm. O thou dost talk, my Love, as one resolv'd,
 Because not knowing Danger. But look forward;
 Think on to Morrow, when thou shalt be torn
 From these weak, struggling, unextended Arms;
 Think how my Heart will heave, and Eyes will strain
 To grasp and reach what is deny'd my Hands;
 Think how the Blood will start, and Tears will gush
 To follow thee my separating Soul.
 Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with *Garcia*!
 Then will I smear these VValls with Blood, dash my
 Disfigur'd Face, and rive my clotted Hair,
 Break on the Ground my throbbing Breast,
 And grovel with gash'd Hands to scratch a Grave,
 Stripping my Nails, to tear this Pavement up
 And bury me alive; where I will bite the Ground
 Till gorg'd with suffocating Earth.

Alm. O dismal Cruel! heart-breaking Horrour!

Osm. Then *Garcia* shall lie panting on thy Bosom,
 Luxurious, revelling amidst thy Charms;
 And thou perforce must yield, and aid his Transport,
 Hell, Hell! have I not Cause to rage and rave?
 VVhat are all Racks, and VVheels, and VVhips to this?
 Are they not soothing Softness, sinking Ease,
 And wafting Air to this? O my *Almeria*,
 VVhat do the Damn'd endure, but to despair,
 But knowing Heav'n, to know it lost for ever.

Alm.

The Mourning Bride.

37

Alm. O, I am struck ; thy VWords are Bolts of Ice,
VWhich shot into my Breast, now melt and chill me.
I chatter, shake, and faint with thrilling Fears.
No, hold me not — O, let us not support,
But sink each other, lower yet, down, down,
VWhere leuell'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes,
But prone, and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth
VVith Rivers of incessant scalding Rain.

Enter Zara, Perez, and Selin.

Zara. Somewhat of weight to me, requires his Freedom.
Dare you dispute the King's Command ? Behold
The Royal Signet.

Perez. I obey ; yet beg
Your Majesty one Moment to defer
Your entring, till the Princess is return'd,
From visiting the Noble Prisoner.

[*Exit Perez.*

Zara. Ha !
VWhat saist thou ?

Ofm. VVe are lost ! undone ! discover'd !
Retire, my Life, with speed — Alas, we're seen !
Speak of Compassion, let her hear you speak
Of interceding for me with the King ;
Say somewhat quickly to conceal our Loves,
If possible —

Alm. — I cannot speak.

Ofm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her.
But till she's gone ; then bless me thus again.

Zara. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth !
Confusion in his Face, and Grief in hers.
'Tis plain, I've been abus'd — Death and Destruction !
How shall I search into this Mystery ?
The bluest Blast of Pestilential Air,
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill his Eyes ;
Perdition catch 'em both, and Ruine part 'em.

Ofm.

Osm. This Charity to one unknown, and in
Distress, Heav'n will repay; all Thanks are poor.

[*Exit Almeria*]

Zara. Damn'd, damn'd Dissembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choak in my Rage, and know the utmost depth
Of this Deceiver——you seem much surpriz'd.

Osm. At your return so soon and unexpected!

Zara. And so unwith'd, unwanted too it seems.
Confusion! yet I will contain my self.

You're grown a Favourite since last we parted;
Perhaps I'm sawcy and Intruding——

Osm.——Madam!

Zara. I did not know the Princess Favourite;
Your Pardon, Sir——mistake me not; you think
I'm angry: you're deceiv'd. I came to set
You free: But shall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an Interest superiour.

Osm. You do not come to mock my Miseries?

Zara. I do.

Osm. I could at this time spare your mirth.

Zara. I know thou could'st, but I'm not often pleas'd,
And will indulge it now. VVhat miseries?
VVho would not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the Care of weeping Majesty?
To have contending Queens, at dead of Night
Forake their down, to wake with wat'ry Eyes,
And watch like Tapers o'er your Hours of Rest.
O Curse! I cannot hold——

Osm. Come, 'tis much.

Zara. Villain!

Osm. How, Madam!

Zara. Thou shalt die.

Osm. I thank you.

Zara. Thou ly'st; for now I know for whom thou'dst live.

Osm. Then you may know for whom I'd die.

Zara. Hell! Hell!

Yet I'll be calm——Dark and unknown Betrayer!

But

But now the Dawn begins, and the slow Hand
Of Fate, is stretch'd to draw the Veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked Mark of Publick View.

O/m. You may be still deceiv'd; 'tis in my Power.

Zara. Ha!

Who waits there?

Enter Perez.

As you'll answer it, take heed
This Slave commit no Violence upon
Himself. I've been deceiv'd. The publick Safety
Requires, he should be more confin'd; and none,
No not the Princes self, permitted to
Confer with him. I'll quit you to the King.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent
The base Injustice thou hast done my Lover.
Yes, thou shalt know, spite of thy past Distress;
And all those Ills, which thou so long hast mourn'd;
Heav'n has no Rage, like love to Hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a Fury, like a Woman scorn'd.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

The End of the Third Act.

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

Enter Zara, and Selim.

Zara. **T**hou hadst already rack'd me with thy stay;
Therefore require me not to ask thee twice;

Reply at once to all. What is concluded?

Selim. Your Accusation highly has incens'd
The King, and were alone enough to urge
The Fate of *Osmyn*: But to that, fresh News
Is since arrived, of more revolted Troops.

'Tis certain, *Heli* too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds Amazement and Distraction) some
Who bore high Offices of Weight and Trust,
Both in the State and Army. This confirms

The King, in full belief of all you told him,

Concerning *Osmyn's* corresponding with

The Heads of those who first began the Mutiny.

Wherefore a Warrant for his Death is sign'd;

And order given for publick Execution.

Zara: Ha! haste thee! fly, prevent his Fate and mine;

Find out the King, tell him I have of Weight

More than his Crown, t'impart ere *Osmyn* die.

Selim. It needs not, for the King will strait be here,

And as to your Revenge, not his own Int'rest,

Pretend to sacrifice the Life of *Osmyn*.

Zara. What shall I say? Invent, contrive, advise

Somewhat, to blind the King, and save his Life

In whom I live. Spire of my Rage, and Pride.

I am a Woman, and a Lover still.

O 'tis more Grief but to suppose his Death,

Than still to meet the Rigour of his Scorn.

From

The Mourning Bride.

41

From my Despair, my Anger had its source ;
When he is dead, I must despair for ever.

For ever ! that's Despair — it was Distrust
Before ; Distrust will ever be in Love,
And Anger in Distrust, both short-liv'd Pains.

But in Despair, and ever-during Death,
No Term, no Bound, but Infinite of Woe.

O Torment, but to think ! what then to bear ?
Not to be born — devise the means to shun it,

Quick ; or, by Heav'n, this Dagger drinks thy Blood.

Selim. My Life is yours, nor will I to preserve it,
But to serve you. I have already thought.

Zara. Forgive my Rage ; I know thy Love and Truth
But say, what's to be done ? or when, or how

Shall I prevent, or stop th' approaching Danger ?

Selim. You must still seem most resolute and fix'd
On *Osmyn's* Death ; too quick a Change of Mercy,
Might breed Suspicion of the Cause. Advise,
That Execution may be done in private.

Zara. On what Pretence ?

Selim. Your own Request's enough.
However, for a Colour, tell him, you
Have Cause to fear his Guards may be corrupted ;
And some of them bought off to *Osmyn's* Int'rest,
Who at the Place of Execution, will
Attempt to force his way for an Escape.

The State of things will countenance all Suspitions.
Then offer to the King to have him strangl'd

In secret, by your Mutes ; and get an Order,
That none but Mutes may have Admittance to him.

I can no more, the King is here. Obtain
This Grant — and I'll acquaint you with the rest.

Enter King, Gonsalez, Garcia, Perez.

King. Bear to the Dungeon, those Rebellious Slaves ;
Th' ignoble Currs, that yelp to fill the Cry,
And spend their Mouths in barking Tyranny.

G

But

But for their Leaders, *Sancho*, and *Ramirez*,
 Let 'em be led away to present Death.
Perez, see it perform'd.

Gonf. Might I presume;
 Their Execution better were deferr'd.
 Till *Osmyn* die: Mean time we may learn more
 Of this Conspiracy.

King. Then be it so.

Stay, Soldier; they shall suffer with the *Moor*.
 Are none return'd of those who follow'd *Heli*?

Gonf. None, Sir. Some Papers have been since discover'd,
 In *Roderigo's* House, who fled with him,
 Which seem to intimate, as if *Alphonso*,
 Still alive, were arming in *Valentia*:
 Which wears indeed this Colour of a Truth;
 They who are fled have that way bent their course.
 Of the same Nature, divers Notes have been
 Dispers'd, t' amaze the People; whereupon
 Some ready of Belief, have rais'd this Rumour:
 That being sav'd upon the Coast of *Africk*,
 He there disclos'd himself to *Albucacim*,
 And by a secret Compact made with him,
 Open'd the way to this Invasion;
 While he himself, returning to *Valentia*
 In private, undertook to raise this Tumult.

Zara. Ha! hear'st thou that? Is *Osmyn* then *Alphonso*?
 O Heav'n! a thousand things occur
 To my Remembrance now, that make it plain.
 O certain Death for him, as sure Despair
 For me, if it be known—— If not, what Hope
 Have I? Yet 'twere the lowest Baseness, now,
 To yield him up—— No, I will still conceal him,
 And try the Force of yet more Obligations.

Gonf. 'Tis not impossible. Yet, it may be,
 That some Impostor has usurp'd his Name.
 Your beauteous Captive *Zara*, can inform;
 If such a one, so scaping, was receiv'd,
 At any time, in *Albucacim's* Court.

King.

The Mourning Bride.

43

King. Pardon, fair Excellence, this long Neglect :
An unforeseen, unwelcome Hour of Business,
Has thrust between us and our while of Love ;
But wearing now a pace with ebbing Sand,
Will quickly waste and give again the day.

Zara. You're too secure : The Danger is more imminent
Than your high Courage suffers you to see ;
While *Osmyn* lives, you are not safe.

King. His Doom
Is pass'd ; if you revoke it not, he dies.

Zara. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance
I find I can unfold what yet concerns

You more. One that did call himself *Alphonso*,
Was cast upon my Coast, as is reported ;
And oft had private Conference with the King ;
To what Effect I knew not then : But that

Alphonso, privately departed, just
About the time our Arms embark'd for *Spain*.
What I know more, is, That a tripple League
Of strictest Friendship, was profess'd between
Alphonso, *Heli*, and the Traytor *Osmyn*.

King. Publick Report, is ratify'd in this.

Zara. And *Osmyn's* Death requir'd of strong necessity.

King. Give Order strait, that all the Prisoners die,
We will our self behold the Execution.

Zara. Forbear a Moment ; somewhat more I have
Worthy your private Ear, and this your Minister.

King. Let all else void the Room. *Garcia*, give Order
For doubling all our Guards ; Command that our
Militia are in Arms : we will anon
Ride forth, and view the Order of our Troops.

[*Exeunt Garcia, Perez, and Attendants.*]

Zara. I am your Captive, and you've us'd me nobly ;
And in return of that, tho' otherwise
Your Enemy ; I have discover'd *Osmyn*.
His private Practice and Conspiracy
Against your State : and fully to discharge
My self of what I've undertaken ; now,

G 2

I think

I think it fit to tell you that your Guards
Are tainted; some among 'em have resolv'd
To rescue *Osmyn* at the Place of Death.

King. Is Treason then so near us as our Guards!

Zara. Most certain; though my Knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular Men.

King. What's to be done?

Zara. That too I will advise.

I have remaining in my Train some *Mutes*,
A Present once from the *Sultana* Queen,
In the *Grand Signior's* Court. These from their Infancy
Are practis'd in the Trade of Death; and shall
(As there the Custom is) in private strangle
Osmyn.

Gonf. My Lord, the Queen advises well.

King. What Off ring, or what Recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy so great Services?
To cast beneath your Feet the Crown you've sav'd,
Though on the Head that wears it, were too little.

Zara. Of that hereafter; but, mean time, 'tis fit
You order none may have Admittance to
The Prisoner, but such Messengers, as I
Shall send.

King. Who waits there?

Enter Perez.

On your Life take heed,
That only *Zara's* Mutes, or such who bring
Her Warrant, have Admittance to the Moor.

Zara. They and no other, not the Princes self.

Perez. Your Majesty shall be obey'd.

King. Retire.

[*Ex. Perez.*]

Gonf. That Interdiction so particular,
Pronounc'd with Velmence against the Princes,
Should have more Meaning than appears bare-fac'd.
The King is blinded by his Love, and heeds

It not Your Majesty sure, might have spar'd

That

That last restraint ; you hardly can suspect
The Princess is Confederate with the Moor.

Zara. I've heard, her Charity did once extend
So far to visit him, at his request.

Gonf. Ha !

King. How ? she visit *Osmyn* ! What, my Daughter ?

Sel. Madam, take heed ; or you have ruin'd all.

Zara. And after did solícite you, on his
Behalf—

King. Never. You have been mis-inform'd.

Zara. Indeed ? Then 'twas a Whisper spread by some
Who wish'd it so : a common Art in Courts.
I will retire, and instantly prepare
Instruction, for my Ministers of Death.

[*Exeunt Zara and Selim.*]

Gonf. There's somewhat yet of Mystery in this ;
Her Words and Actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur ; and sometime disagree ;
I like it not.

King. What dost thou think, *Gonsalez* ;
Are we not much indebted to this fair one ?

Gonf. I am a little slow of Credit, Sir,
In the Sincerity of Womens Actions.
Methinks this Lady's Hatred to the Moor,
Disquiets her too much ; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her Mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends— I doubt it now—Your Guards
Corrupted ; how ? by whom ? who told her so ?
I'th' Evening *Osmyn* was to die ; at Mid-night
She beg'd the Royal Signet to release him ;
I'th' Morning he must die again ; e're Noon
Her Mutes alone must strangle him or he'll
Escape. This put together, suits not well.

King. Yet, that there's Truth in what she has discover'd,
Is manifest from every Circumstance.
This Tumult, and the Lords who fled with *Heli*,
Are Confirmation—That *Alphonso* lives,

Agrees

Agrees expressly too with her Report.

Gonf. I grant it, Sir, and doubt not, but in Rage
Of Jealousie, she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needless Caution of the Princeess?
What if she had seen *Osmyn*? though 'twere strange.
But if she had, what was't to her? unless
She fear'd her stronger Charms, might cause the *Moor's*
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, Friend.
There's Reason in thy Doubt, and I am warn'd.
But think'st thou that my Daughter saw this *Moor*?

Gonf. If *Osmyn* be, as *Zara* has related,
Alphonso's Friend; 'tis not impossible,
But she might with on his Account to see him.

King. Say'st thou? by Heav'n thou hast arous'd a Thought,
That like a sudden Earth-quake, shakes my Frame;
Confusion! then my Daughter's an Accomplice,
And plots in Private with this hellish *Moor*.

Gonf. That were too hard a Thought—but see she comes.
'Twere not amiss to question her a little,
And try howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, she'll be concern'd
For *Osmyn's* Death; as he's *Alphonso's* Friend.
Urge that, to try if she'll sollicit for him.

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

King. Your coming has prevented me *Almeria*;
I had determin'd to have sent for you.
Let your Attendant be dismiss'd; I have
To talk with you. Come near, why dost thou shake?
What mean those swollen and redstock'd Eyes, that look
As they had wept in Blood, and worn the Night
In waking Anguish? why this, on the Day
Which was design'd to celebrate thy Nuptials?
But that the Beams of Light, are to be stain'd
With reeking Gore, from Traytors on the Rack:

Where—

Wherefore I have deferr'd the Marriage-Rites,
Nor shall the guilty Horrors of this Day
Prophane that Jubilee.

Alm. All Days, to me,
Henceforth are equal; this the Day of Death,
To morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undistinguish'd roll, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe.

King. Whence is thy Grief? Give me to know the Cause,
And look thou answer me with Truth; for know,
I am not unacquainted with thy Falshood.
Why art thou mute? base and degenerate Maid!

Gonf. Dear Madam, speak, or you'll incense the King.

Alm. What is't to speak? or wherefore should I speak?
What means these Tears, but Grief unutterable?

King. Yes, Guilt; they are the dumb Confessions of
Thy guilty Mind; and say thou wert Confed'rate
With damn'd Conspirators, to take my Life.
O impious Parricide! now canst thou speak?

Alm. O Earth, behold, I kneel upon thy Bosom,
And bend my flowing Eyes, to stream upon
Thy Face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield;
Open thy Bowels of Compassion, take
Into thy Womb the last and most forlorn
Of all thy Race. Hear me, thou common Parent;
— I have no Parent else — be thou a Mother,
And step between me and the Curse of him,
That was — that was, but is no more a Father.
But brands my Innocence with horrid Crimes,
And for the tender Names of Child and Daughter,
Now calls me Murderer, and Parricide.

King. Rise, I command thee rise — and if thou would'st
Acquit thy self of those detested Names,
Swear thou hast never seen that foreign Dog,
Now doom'd to die, that most accursed *Osmyn*.

Alm.

Alm. Never, but as with Innocence, I might,
And free of all bad Purposes. So Heav'n's
My Witness.

King. Vile equivocating Wretch!
With Innocence? Death and Perdition, she
Confesses it. By Heav'n, I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangl'd, flay'd, impal'd — all Pains and Tortures
That Wit of Man, and dire Revenge can think,
Shall he accumulated under-bear.

Alm. Oh, I am lost — there, Fate begins to wound!

King. Hear me; then, if thou canst reply, know, Traitress,
I'm not to learn that curs'd *Alphonso* lives;
Nor am I ignorant what *Osmyn* is —

Alm. Then all is ended, and we both must die,
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou shalt not die.
And yet alone would I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated Deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
Yes, all my Father's wounding Wrath, tho' each
Reproach cuts deeper than the keenest Sword,
And cleaves my Heart; I would have born it all,
Nay, all the Pains that are prepar'd for thee:
To the remorseless Rack I would have given
This weak and tender Flesh, to have been bruise'd
And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy Being.

King. Hell, Hell! do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'st thou to my Face avow thy Guilt?
Hence, ere I curse — by my just Rage, with speed;
Lest I forget us both, and spurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a Father! think I am your Child.
Turn not your Eyes away — look on me kneeling;
Now curse me if you can, now spurn me off —
Did ever Father curse his kneeling Child?
Never: For always Blessings crown that Posture.
Nature inclines, and half-way meets that Dury,
Stooping to raise from Earth the filial Reverence;
For bended Knees, returning folding Arms,

With

The Mourning Bride.

49

With Prayers and Blessings, and paternal Love.

O hear me then, thus crawling on the Earth——

King. Be thou advis'd, and let me go while yet
The light Impression thou hast made, remains.

Alm. No, never will I rise, nor loose this Hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha ! who may live ? take heed, no more of that.
For on my Soul he dies, tho' thou, and I,
And all should follow to partake his Doom:
Away, off, let me go,—Call her Attendants.

Enter Leonora and Attendants.

Alm. Drag me, harrow the Earth with my bare Bosom.
I'll not let go, 'till you have spar'd my Husband.

King. Ha ! what say'st thou ? Husband ! Husband ! Damnation !
What Husband ? which ? who ?

Alm. He, he is my Husband.

King. Poyson and Daggers ! who ?

Alm. O——

[*Faints.*

Gonf. Help, support her.

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, sink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a Grave, and tear up Death ; I will ;
I'll scrape 'till I collect his rotten Bones,
And cloath their Nakedness with my own Flesh ;
Yes, I will strip of Life, and we will change :
I will be Death ; then tho' you kill my Husband,
He shall be mine, still and for ever mine.

King. What Husband ? who ? whom do'st thou mean ?

Gonf. Alas, she raves !

Alm. O that I did, *Osmyn*, he is my Husband.

King. *Osmyn* !

Alm. Not *Osmyn*, but *Asphonso* is my Dear,
And wedded Husband——Heav'n, and Air, and Seas ;
Ye Winds and Waves, I call ye all to witness.

H

King.

The Mourning Bride.

King. Wilder than Winds or Waves thy self do'st rave.
Should I hear more ; I too should catch thy Madness.
Yet somewhat she must mean of dire Import,
Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at peace.
Watch her returning Sense, and bring me Word :
And look that she attempt not on her Life. [*Exit King.*

Alm. O stay, yet stay, hear me, I am not mad.
I would to Heav'n I were——he's gone !

Gonf. Have Comfort.

Alm. Curst be that Tongue, that bids me be of Comfort ;
Curst my own Tongue, that cou'd not move his Pity.
Curst these weak Hands, that cou'd not hold him here ;
For he is gone to doom *Alphonso's* Death.

Gonfa. Your too excessive Grief, works on your Fancy,
And deludes your Sense. *Alphonso*, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your Father's Power.

Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd Flatterer ;
Source of my Woes : thou and thy Race be curs'd ;
But doubly thou, who could'st alone have Policy,
And Fraud, to find the fatal Secret out,
And know that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*.

Gonf. Ha !

Alm. Why dost thou start ? what dost thou see, or hear ?
Was it the doleful Bell, toling for Death ?
Or dying Groans from my *Alphonso's* Breast ?
See, see, look yonder ! where a grizled, pale
And ghastly Head, glares by, all smear'd with Blood,
Gasping as it would speak : and after it,
Behold a damp, dead Hand has drop'd a Dagger ;
I'll catch it—hark ! a Voice cries Murder ! 'tis
My Father's Voice ; hollow it sounds, and from
The Tomb it calls——I'll follow it, for there
I shall again behold my dear *Alphonso*.

[*Exit with attendants.*

Gonf. She's greatly griev'd ; nor am I less surpriz'd.
Osmyn Alphonso ! no ; she over-rates

My

The Mourning Bride.

51

My Policy, I ne'er suspected it :
Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.
Her husband too ! Ha ! where is *Garcia* then ?
And where the Crown that shou'd descend on him,
To grace the Line of my Posterity ?
Hold, let me think—if I shou'd tell the King——
Things come to this Extremety ? his Daughter
Wedded already——what if he should yield ?
Knowing no Remedy, for what is past ;
And urg'd by Nature pleading for his Child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the Grave
Anselmo's Race ; yet if——That if, concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is Folly.
But how, prevent the Captive Queen, who means
To set him free ? Ay, now 'tis plain ; O well
Invented Tale ! he was *Alphonso's* Friend.
This subtle Woman will amuze the King,
If I delay——'twill do——or better so.
One to my Wish. *Alonzo*, thou art welcom.

Enter Alonzo.

Alonzo. The King expects your Lordship.

Gonf. 'Tis no matter.

I'm not I'th' Way at Present, good *Alonzo*.

Alonzo. If't please your Lordship, I'll return, and say
I have not seen you.

Gonf. Do my best *Alonzo*.

Yet stay, I would—but go ; anon will serve——
Yet I have that, requires thy speedy help.
I think thou would'st not stop to do me Service.

Alonzo. I am your Creature.

Gonf. Say thou art my Friend.

I've seen thy Sword do noble Execution.

Alonzo. All that it can, your Lordship shall command.

H 2

Gonf.

The Mourning Bride.

Gonf. Thanks ; and I take thee at thy Word. Thou'lt seen
Among the followers of the Captive Queen,
Dumb Men, that make their Meaning known by Signs.

Alon. I have, my Lord.

Gonf. Could'st thou procure with speed,
And privacy, the wearing Garb of one
Of those, tho' purchas'd by his Death ; I'd give
Thee such Reward, as should exceed thy Will.

Alon. Conclude it done. Where shall I wait your Lordship ?

Gonf. At my Appartment. Use thy utmost Diligence ;
Away, I've not been seen—haste good *Alonzo*. [*Exit Alonzo*.
So, this can hardly fail. *Alphonso* slain,
The greatest Obstacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed ;
And I yet fix the Crown on *Garcia's* Head.

[*Exit*.]

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room of State.

Enter King, Perez, and Alonzo.

King. NOT to be found? in an ill hour he's absent.
None, say you, none? what not the Fav'rite Eunuch?
Nor she her self, nor any of her Mutes
Have yet required admittance?

Perez. None my Lord.

King. Is *Osmyn* so dispos'd, as I commanded?

Perez. Fast bound in double chains, and at full length
He lies supine on earth; as easily
She might remove the fix'd foundation, as
Unlock the rivets of his bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

[A Mute appears, and seeing the King retires.

Ha! seize that Mute; Alonzo, follow him. [Ex. Alonzo.

Entring he met my Eyes, and started back,
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his Bosom,
As to conceal th' Importance of his Errand.

[Alonzo re-enters with a Paper.

Alonz. O bloody Proof, of obstinate Fidelity!

King. What dost thou mean?

Alonz. Soon as I seiz'd the Man,
He snatch'd from out his Bosom this — and strove
With rash and greedy haste, at once to cram
The Morfel down his throat. I catch'd his Arm,
And hardly wrench'd his Hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a Ponyard from his side,
And on the instant, plung'd it in his Breast.

King. Remove the Body thence, 'ere Zara see it.

Alonz.

Alon. I'll be so bold to borrow his Attire ;

I'll quit me of my Promise to *Gonsalez*.

[*Exit.*

Per. Whate'er it is the King's Complexion turns.

King. How's this? my mortal Foe beneath my Roof!

[*Having read the Letter.*

O, give me Patience, all ye Powers! no, rather,

Give me Rage, Rage, implacable Revenge,

And trebled Fury—— Ha! who's there?

Perez. My Lord.

King. Hence, Slave, how dar'st thou bide, to watch and pry

Into how poor and mean a thing, a King descends;

How like thy self when Passion treads him down?

Ha! stir not, on thy Life: For thou wert fix'd,

And planted here to see me gorge this Bait,

And lash against the Hook—— by Heav'n you're all

Rank Traytors; thou art with the rest combin'd;

Thou knew'st that *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*, knew'st

My Daughter privately conferr'd with him,

And wert the Spy and Pander to their Meeting.

Perez. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd——

King. Thou lyest.

Thou art Accomplish'd too much with *Zara*; here

Where she sets down——*still will I set thee free*——[*Reading.*

That somewhere is repeated——*I have power*

O'er them that are thy Guards——Mark that thou Traytor.

Perez. It was your Majesty's Command, I should

Obeys her Order——

King, reading.——*And still will I set*

Thee free, Alphonso—— Hell! curs'd, curs'd *Alphonso*!

False perfidious *Zara*! Strumpet Daughter!

Away begon thou feeble Boy, fond Love,

All Nature, Softness, Pity and Compassion,

This hour I throw ye off, and entertain

Fell hate, within my breast, Revenge and Gall

By Heav'n I'll meet, and counterwork this Treachery.

Hark thee, Villain, Traitor——answer me Slave.

Perez. My Service has not merited those Titles.

King.

The Mourning Bride.

55

King. Dar'st thou reply? Take that—thy Service? thine?

[*Strikes him.*]

What's thy whole Life, thy Soul, thy All, to my
One moment's Ease? Hear my Command; and look
That thou obey, or Horror on thy Head.
Drench me thy Dagger in *Alphonso's* Heart.
Why dost thou start? Resolve to do't, or else——

Perez. My Lord, I will.

King. 'Tis well—— that when she comes to set him free,
His Teeth may grin, and mock at her Remorse.

[*Perez going.*]

— Stay thee — I've farther thought — I'll add to this,
And give her Eyes yet greater Disappointment.
When thou hast ended him, bring me his Robe;
And let the Cell where she'll expect to see him,
Be dark'ned, so as to amuze the Sight.
I'll be conducted thither ——
But see she comes; I'll shun th' Encounter; do
Thou follow, and give heed to my Direction.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Zara, and Selim.

Zara. The Mute not yet return'd! 'tis strange. Ha! 'twas
The King that parted hence; frowning he went;
His Eyes like Meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams; as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-star, scorch the Earth,
And kindle Ruine in its Course. Think'st thou
He saw me not?

Sel. He did: But then as if
His Eyes had err'd, he hastily recall'd
Th' imperfect Look, and sternly turn'd away.

Zara. Shun me when seen! I fear thou hast undone me.
Thy shallow Artifice begets Suspicion,
And, like a Cobweb-Veil, but thinly shades
The Face of thy Design; alone disguising

What

What should have ne'er been seen ; imperfect Mischief !
 Thou like the Adder, venomous and deaf,
 Hast stung the Traveller ; and, after, hear'st
 Not his pursuing Voice : ev'n where thou think'st
 To hide, the rustling Leaves, and bended Grass
 Confess, and point the Path which thou hast crept.
 O Fate of Fools ! officious in Contriving ;
 In executing, puzzled, lame and lost.

Sel. Avert it, Heav'n, that you should ever suffer
 For my Defect ; or that the Means which I
 Devis'd to serve, should ruine your Design !
 Prefcience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to Man.
 If I have fail'd in what, as being a Man,
 I needs must fail ; impute not as a Crime,
 My Nature's want ; but punish Nature in me :
 I plead not for a Pardon, and to live,
 But to be punish'd and forgiven. Here, strike ;
 I bare my Breast to meet your just Revenge.

Zara. I have not leisure, now, to take so poor
 A Forfeit as thy Life : Somewhat of high
 And more important Fate, requires my Thought.
 When I've concluded on my self, If I
 Think fit, I'll leave thee my Command to die.
 Regard me well ; and dare not to reply
 To what I give in Charge : for I'm resolv'd,
 Instruct the two remaining *Mutes*, that they
 Attend me instantly, with each a Bowl
 Of those Ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
 Benumn the living Faculties, and give
 Most easie and inevitable Death.
 Yes, *Osmyr*, yes ; be *Osmyr* or *Alphonso*,
 I'll give thee Freedom, if thou dar'st be free :
 Such Liberty as I embrace my self,
 Thou shalt partake. Since Fates no more afford ;
 I can but die with thee to keep my Word. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene

Scene changes to the Prison.

*Enter Gonfalez, disguis'd like a Mute,
with a Dagger.*

Gonf. Nor Centinel, nor Guard! the Doors unbarr'd!
And all as still, as at the Noon of Night!
Sure Death already has been busie here.
There lies my way, that Door is too unlock'd.

[*Looks in.*

Ha! sure he sleeps—— all's dark within, save what
A Lamp that feebly lifts a sickly Flame,
By fits reveals—— his Face seems turn'd to favour
Th' Attempt: I'll steal, and do it unperceiv'd.
What Noise! some body coming? 't, *Alonzo*?
No body? sure he'll wait without—— I would
'Twere done—— I'll crawl and sting him to the Heart;
Then cast my Skin, and leave it there to answer it.

[*Goes in.*

Enter Garcia and Alonzo.

Gar. Where? where? *Alonzo*, where's my Father? where
The King? Confusion, all is on the Rout!
All's lost, all ruin'd by Surprize and Treachery.
Where, where is he? Why dost thou thus mislead me?

Alonz. My Lord, he enter'd, but a moment since,
And could not pass me unperceiv'd—— What, ho?
My Lord, my Lord, what, ho? My Lord *Gonfalez*?

Enter Gonfalez, bloody.

Gonf. Perdition choak your Clamours— whence this Rudeness?
Garcia!

Gar. Perdition, Slavery, and Death,
Are entring now our Doors. Where is the King?
What means this Blood? and why this Face of Horror?

Gonf. No matter— give me first to know the Cause
Of these your rash and ill-tim'd Exclamations.

Gar. The Eastern Gate is to the Foe betray'd,
Who but for heaps of Slain, that choak the Passage,
Had enter'd long 'ere now, and born down all
Before 'em, to the Pallace Walls. Unless
The King in Person animate our Men,
Granada's lost; and to confirm this Fear,
The Traytor *Perez*, and the Captive *Moor*,
Are through a Postern fled, and join the Foe.

Gonf. Would all were false as that; for whom you call
The *Moor*, is dead. That *Osmyn* was *Alphonso*;
In whose Hearts Blood this Ponyard yet is warm.

Gar. Impossible; for *Osmyn* flying, was
Proclaim'd aloud by *Perez*, for *Alphonso*.

Gonf. Enter that Chamber, and convince your Eyes,
How much Report has wrong'd your easie Faith.

[*Garcia goes in.*

Alonz. My Lord, for certain truth, *Perez* is fled;
And has declar'd the Cause of his Revolt,
Was to Revenge a Blow the King had giv'n him.

Gar. returning. Ruine and Horror! O heart-wounding sight!

Gonf. What says, my Son? what Ruine? ha? what Horror?

Gar. Blasted my Eyes, and speechless be my Tongue,
Rather than or to see, or to relate
This Deed— O dire Mistake! O fatal Blow!

The King ———

Gonf. }
Alonz. } The King!

Gar.

The Mourning Bride.

59

Gar. Dead, wel't'ring, drown'd in Blood.
See, see, attir'd like *Ofmyn*, where he lies.

[*They go in.*

O whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the Manner, or the Cause?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all should turn our Swords, against
Our selves, and expiate with our own his Blood.

Gonf. O Wretch! O curs'd, and rash, deluded Fool!
On me, on me, turn your avenging Sword.
I who have spilt my Royal Master's Blood,
Should make atonement by a Death as horrid;
And fall beneath the Hand of my own Son.

Gar. Ha! what? atone this Murther with a greater!
The Horrour of that Thought, has damp'd my Rage.
The Earth already groans to bear this Deed;
Oppress her not, nor think to stain her Face
With more unnatural Blood. Murder my Father!
Better with this to rip up my own Bowels,
And bathe it to the Hilt, in far less damnable
Self-Murder.

Gonf. O my Son, from the blind Dotage
Of a Father's Fondness, these Ills arose;
For thee I've been ambitious, base, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this Sea of Sin;
Stemming the Tide, with one weak Hand, and bearing
With the other, the Crown, to wreath thy Brow,
Whose weight has sunk me 'ere I reach'd the Shore.

Gar. Fatal Ambition! Hark! the Foe is enter'd:

[*Shout.*

The shrillness of that Shout speaks 'em at hand.
We have no time to search into the Cause
Of this surprizing and most fatal Errour.
What's to be done? the King's Death known, will strike
The few remaining Soldiers with Despair,
And make 'em yield to Mercy of the Conquerour.

The Mourning Bride.

Alonz. My Lord, I've thought how to conceal the Body ;
Require me not to tell the Means, till done,
Left you forbid ; what then you may approve. [*Goes in.*

Gonf. They shout again ! Whate'er he means to do [*Shout.*
'Twere fit the Soldiers were amuz'd, mean time,
With Hopes, and fed with Expectation of
The King's immediate Presence at their Head.

Gar. Were it a Truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no Care, nor Haste ; and try
Or to repell their Force, or bravely die.

[*Exit.*

Gonf. What hast thou done, *Alonzo* ?

Alonz. Such a Deed,
As but an hour ago, I'd not have done,
Tho' for the Crown of Universal Empire.
But what are Kings reduc'd to common Clay ?
Or who can wound the Dead ?—— I've from the Body,
Sever'd the Head ; and in a Corner of
The Room, dispos'd it muffled in the *Mute's*
Attire ; leaving alone to View, the bloody
And undistinguishable Trunk :
Which may be still mistaken by the Guards,
For *Osmyn*, if in seeking for the King,
They chance to find it.

Gonf. 'Twas an Act of Horrour ;
And of a-piece with this Day's dire Misdeeds.
But 'tis not yet the time to ponder, or
Repent. Haste thee, *Alonzo*, hence, with speed,
To aid my Son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to re-inforce his Arms : at least
I shall make good, and shelter his Retreat.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

The Mourning Bride

61

*Enter Zara, follow'd by Selim, and Two Mutes
bearing the Bowls.*

Zara. Silence and Solitude are ev'ry where !
Thro' all the Gloomy Ways, and Iron Doors
That hither lead, nor Humane Face, nor Voice
Is seen, or heard. A dreadful Din was wont
To grate the Sense, when entred here ; from Groans,
And Howls of Slaves condemn'd ; from Clink of Chains,
And Crash of rusty Bars, and creaking Hinges :
And ever and anon, the Sight was dash'd
With frightful Faces, and the meagre Looks
Of grim and gashly Executioners.

Yet, more, this Stilness terrifies my Soul,
Than did that Scene of complicated Horrors.
It may be, that the Cause, and Purpose of
My Errand, being chang'd from Life to Death,
Has also wrought this chilling Change of Temper.
Or does my Heart bode more ? what can it more
Than Death ? ———

Let 'em set down the Bowls, and warn *Alphonso*
That I am here ——— so. You return and find

[Mutes go in.

The King ; tell him, what he requir'd, Iv'e done :
And wait his coming to approve the Deed. *[Exit Selim*
What have you seen ? Ha ! wherefore stare you thus,

[The Mutes return and look affrighted.

With haggard Eyes ? why are your Arms a-crofs
Your heavy and desponding Heads hung down ?
Why is't you more than speak in these sad Signs ?
Give me more ample Knowledge of this Mourning.

They

The Mourning Bride.

*They go to the Scene which opens and shews
the Body.*

Ha! prostrate! bloody! headless! O——start Eyes,
Split Heart, burst ev'ry Vein, at this dire Object:
At once dissolve and flow; meet Blood with Blood;
Dash your encountering Streams, with mutual Violence,
'Till Surges roll, and foaming Billows rise,
And curl their Crimson Heads, to kiss the Clouds!
——Rain, rain ye Stars, spout from your burning Orbs
Precipitated Fires, and pour in sheets,
The blazing Torrent on the Tyrant's Head;
Scorch and consume the curst perfidious King.

Enter Selim.

Selim. I've fought in vain, the King is no where, to
Be found——

Zara. Get thee to Hell, and seek him there. [*Stabs him.*
His hellish Rage had wanted Means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious Counsel.

Sel. You thought it better then——but I'm rewarded.
The Mute you sent, by some Mischance was seen,
And forc'd to yield your Letter with his Life:
I found the dead and bloody Body strip'd——
My Tongue falters, and my Voice fails——
Drink not the Poyson——for *Alphonso* is—— [*Dies.*

Zara. As thou art now——And I shall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead; for 'twas decreed
We both should die. Nor is't that I survive;
I have a Remedy for that. But Oh,
He dy'd unknowing in my Heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his Eyes,

A Mar-

The Mourning Bride.

63

A Martyr and a victim to my Vows :
Insensible of this last Proof he's gone.
Yet Fate, alone can rob his mortal Part
Of Sense : His Soul still fees, and knows each Purpose,
And fix'd event of my persisting Faith.
Then, wherefore do I pause ? — give me the Bowl.

[*A Mute kneels and gives one of the Bowls.*

Hover a Moment, yet, thou gentle Spirit,
Soul of my Love, and I will wait thy flight.
This, to our mutual Bliss when joyn'd above. [*Drinks.*
O friendly Draught, already in my Heart !
Cold, cold ; my Veins are Icicles and Frost.
I'll creep into his Bosom, lay me there ;
Cover us close — or I shall chill his Breast,
And fright him from my Arms — See, see, he slides
Still further from me ; look, he hides his Face,
I cannot feel it — quite beyond my reach.
O now he's gone, and all is dark — [*Dies.*

[*The Mutes kneel and mourn over her.*

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

Alm. O let me seek him in this horrid Cell ;
For in the Tomb or Prison, I alone
Must hope to find him.

Leon. Heav'ns ! what dismal Scene
Of Death, is this ? The Eunuch *Selim* slain !

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in search of Death ;
But want a Guide : for Tears have dim'd my Sight.

Leon. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead ! two frightful Men,
Who seem the Murderers, kneel weeping by :
Feeling Remorse too late, for what they've done.
But O forbear — lift up your Eyes no more ;
But haste away, fly from this Fatal Place,
Where Miseries are multiply'd ; return

And

And look not on ; for there's a Dagger that
Will stab the Sight, and make your Eyes rain Blood.

Alm. O I fore-see that Object in my Mind.

Is it at last then so ? is he then dead ?

What dead at last, quite, quite, for ever dead ?

There, there I see him ; there he lies, the Blood

Yet bubbling from his Wounds—O more than savage !

Had they or Hearts, or Eyes, that did this Deed ?

Could Eyes endure to guide such cruel Hands ?

Are not my Eyes guilty alike with theirs,

That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to Stone ?

——I do not weep ! The Springs of Tears are dry'd ;

And of a suddain I am calm, as if

All things were well : and yet my Husband's murder'd !

Yes, yes, I know to mourn ; I'll sluice this Heart,

The Source of Woe, and let the Torrent loose.

——Those Men have left to weep ; and look on me

I hope they murder all on whom they look.

Behold me well ; your bloody Hands have err'd,

And wrongfully have put to Death those Innocents :

I am the Sacrifice design'd to bleed ;

And come prepar'd to yield my Throat ——they shake

Their Heads in Sign of Grief and Innocence !

[They point at the Bowl on the Ground.

And point ! what mean they ; Ha ! a Cup. O well

I understand what Medicine has been here.

O noble Thirst ! and yet too greedy to

Drink all——O for another Draught of Death,

[They point at the other Cup.

Ha ! point again ? 'tis there, and full I hope.

O thanks the liberal Hand that fill'd thee thus ;

I'll drink my glad Acknowledgment ——

Leon. O hold

For Mercy's sake ; upon my Knees—forbear ——

Alm. With Thee, the kneeling World should beg in vain,
Seest thou not there, who prostrate lies ;

And

And pleads against thee: who shall then prevail?
 Yet I will take a cold and parting Leave,
 From his pale Lips; I'll kiss him e'er I drink,
 Lest the rank Juice should blister on my Mouth,
 And stain the Colour of my last Adieu.
 Horror! a headless Trunk! nor Lips nor Face,
 [Coming nearer the Body, starts and lets fall the Cap.
 But spouting Veins, and mangled Flesh! O, O,

Enter Alphonso, Heli, Perez, with Garcia Prisoner,
 Guards, and Attendants.

Alph. Away, stand off, where is she? let me fly,
 Save her from Death, and snatch her to my Heart.

Alm. Oh ———

Alph. Forbear; my Arms alone shall hold her up;
 Warm her to Life, and wake her into Gladness.
 O let me talk to thy reviving Sense,
 The Words of Joy and Peace, warm thy cold Beauties,
 With the new-flushing Ardour of my Cheek;
 Into thy Lips, pour the soft trickling Balm
 Of cordial Sighs; and re-inspire thy Bosom
 With the Breath of Love. Shine, awake, Almeria,
 Give a new Birth to thy long-shaded Eyes,
 Then double on the Day reflected Light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this Dream intend?

Alph. O may'st thou never dream of less Delight;
 Nor ever wake to less substantial Joys.

Alm. Giv'n me again from Death! O all ye Powers
 Confirm this Miracle! can I believe
 My Sight, against my Sight? and shall I trust
 That Sense, which in one Instant shews him dead
 And living? yes, I will; I've been abus'd
 With Apparitions and affrighting Fantoms:
 This is my Lord, my Life, my only Husband;
 I have him now, and we no more will part.
 My Father too shall have Compassion ———

Alph. O my Heart's Comfort; 'tis not given to this
 Frail Life, to be entirely blest'd. Even now,
 In this extreamest Joy, my Soul can taste,
 Yet am I dash'd to think that thou must weep,
 Thy Father fell, where he design'd my Death.
Gonzalez and Alonzo, both of Wounds
 Expiring, have with their last Breath, confess'd
 The just Decrees of Heav'n, in turning on
 Themselves, their own most bloody Purposes.
 Nay, I must grant, 'tis fit you shou'd be thus— [She weeps.
 Let 'em remove the Body from her Sight.
 Ill-fated *Zara*! Ha! a Cup? alas!
 Thy Error then is plain: but I were Flint
 Not to o'er-flow in Tribute to thy Memory.
 She shall be Royally interr'd. O *Garcia*,
 Whose Virtue has renounc'd thy Father's Crimes;
 Seest thou, how just the Hand of Heav'n has been?
 Let us that thro' our Innocence survive,
 Still in the Paths of Honour persevere;
 And not from past or present Ills Despair:
 For Blessings ever wait on virtuous Deeds;
 And tho' a late, a sure Reward succeeds.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by M^{rs} Bracegirdle.

THE Tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a Princess, but in statu quo:
And now as unconcern'd this Mourning wear,
As if indeed a Widow, or an Heir.
I've leisure, now, to mark your sev'ral Faces,
And know each Critick by his sower Grimaces.
To poison Plays, I see some where they sit,
Scatter'd, like Rats-bane, up and down the Pit;
While others watch like Parish-Searchers, hir'd
To tell of what Disease the Play expir'd.
O with what Joy they run, to spread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse!
But if he 'scape, with what Regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disappointed if they're pleas'd!
Criticks to Plays for the same end resort,
That Surgeons wait on Tryals in a Court;
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Respect,
Provided they've a Body to dissect.
As Suffex Men, that dwell upon the Shoar,
Look out when Storms arise, and Billows roar,

Devoutly.

EPILOGUE.

Devoutly praying, with up-lifted Hands,
That some well-laden Ship may strike the Sands;
To whose Rich Cargo, they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Criticks throng to see a New Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit.
Small Hope was Port from these Prospects drawn,
And therefore to the Fair commends his Cause.
Your tender Hearts to Mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this Play will Favour find,
Which was an Off'ring to the Sex design'd.

FINIS